SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded A. D. 1821.

Entered according to an act of Congress, in the year 1881, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress. *Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.*

Vol. 64. PUBLICATION OFFICE No. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1884. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 20.

BUDS AND FLOWERS.

BY C. T.

Fret not because the promise of the buds
The fruit doth not fulfill:
Was not the hope and fragrance which they brought
To us a blessing still?

Nor count as lost the seeds we sow in faith
Upon a barren land,
And reap not. Doth not God the purpose know,
And bless the sower's hand?

Mourn not the vow the eager spirit makes
That weak flesh cannot keep;
The ocean bubbles break, but underneath
There flows a current deep.

The buds that blossom not, the withered seed,
The vows we learn undone,
Are gems we drop, yet angels mark their fall,
And raise them to the crown.

AN ODD WOOING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.—[CONTINUED.]

THEY were really very glad to see their smart clever young friend back again, and told him so, with some hearty handshaking, and placed fifty pounds to his credit, in order that he might refit his wardrobe and set himself up for a fresh start in life.

But Allan was to have a start in life of which he never dreamt, and which seemed to him incredible!

When he went and made himself known to his solicitors, at first they, like the firm he had just left, failed to recognize him; but after a while, his tale brought conviction to their minds, and they hurried him into an inner sanctum, and made him repeat once more all his wonderful adventures.

When they had cross-examined him to his heart's content, the senior partner then said—

"I may call this not only extraordinary, but providential. Do you know that we were about to advertise in all the colonial papers for you, as you are now the owner of a title and estate?"

"Then my cousin Robert is dead?" he said, hesitatingly.

"Yes. Leaving no family, unmarried. His brother was killed two years ago in a steamboat explosion in America. And now you, who are of the younger generation come forward and take the title and property as Lord Kingsford."

"And my cousin Averil? What becomes of him?"

"Oh, he is only related, as you are aware, to the Kingsford family by the female line" impressively. "His mother and your father were cousins, you know. He is abroad, I imagine, leading his usual gay life; but I did hear a rumor that he was going to be married, and I hope it is true, and that he will settle down into a steady, domestic character one of these days. He and your lordship used to be considered remarkably alike in appearance, although only second cousins."

How strange it sounded—your lordship—thought Allan, and Rosamond, whenever he found her would be Lady Kingsford!

Dame Fortune was going to smile on them apparently after all. He could hardly realize this great access of prosperity—no more surveying, no more trips to Australia, no more hard work.

He had known that he was in the line of direct succession to this estate in a remote degree, but never dwelt on the matter, believing very sincerely that it was never likely to affect him in any form.

And now here he was a lord, with a fine estate, with plenty of money in the funds (and, of course, as a consequence, plenty of friends), but what would it all avail him without Rosamond!

* * * * * *

Having established his personal identity, the next thing Allan set about was to find his wife.

Without waiting to have his beard trimmed, to assume his new clothes, he got into a hansom, and drove off to the last place he had had a letter from—Rochester-gardens, Hyde Park.

Boldly he rang, and boldly he knocked at the door, which summons was responded to by a spruce footman, who glanced with a haughty, supercilious air at this "queer-looking party," as he mentally termed him—a tall man, in loose, baggy, grey clothes (bought at a bargain at Singapore), a long beard, long hair, and a soft, but uncivilized looking, black felt hat. Some loafer, of course.

In answer to Allan's eager queries he replied, in the most distant and disdainful manner, with the door in his hand, that "them Brands had left this 'ouse more than two years ago, and he did not believe they were in London now; but he might look in the directory at his club,"—this was by way of sarcasm, but passed unnoticed by Allan, who anxiously implored the proud footman to inquire from his master, and to try and find out where they had been heard of last.

In reply the master sent down a message to say that he knew nothing whatever of the people in question, having bought the lease of the house more than two years previously; and Allan slowly descended the steps, completely discomfited.

The next thing to do was to borrow and search a directory, and he studied all the pages of B— with minute attention.

They—his Brands—were evidently not in London; he would try Drydd, and as it was too late to start that evening, the rest of the day he devoted to a long visit to a barber's and another to his tailor's; and when he left London next afternoon from Victoria no one would have recognized him for the loafer, the half foreign-looking, hairy man of the previous day.

In the first place, his hair was cut as short as a cavalryman's, his beard removed altogether, leaving merely a heavy dark moustache on his upper lip.

This latter operation made the most remarkable difference in his appearance, for he had always worn a short-pointed beard in old days at Drydd, and the removal of it altered the expression of face in an extraordinary manner.

The lower jaw and chin were full of a certain character of their own; this square well-chiselled chin and well-shaped jaw and lower lip were new revelations; and Rosamond herself would have been puzzled to recognize him had he had himself thus shaved unexpectedly in old days; and now, after four years, it would be impossible to know him.

He was so much altered. All the youth had been killed in him during those terrible years on the island, and he might well pass for a man of six or seven years his senior; that, besides this, the hair on his temples was quite grey, and his skin dark and sunburnt, and there was a gravity about his expression that in itself made a wonderful alteration in the appearance of the once blithe and ever-smiling Allan Gordon.

Truefitt's people viewed the change in their client with wonder and amazement. This colonial-looking man developed into the type familiar to them in town, the dark, well-chiselled face of a member of the gilded youth—the Household Troops.

And Allan improved himself still further by a visit to Saville-row; and the following day he turned out in a most fashionable, well-fitting, well-made suit of slight mourning, top-coat, umbrella, portmanteau, and all complete, and started with his mind in a regular whirl, for Drydd, intending to take the position by storm, and introduce himself as a long-lost, shipwrecked passenger, a peer of the realm, and "Rosamond's husband."

His fellow-passengers home would not have recognized him for a second in the handsome, well-dressed, distinguished-looking man who took his seat in the express for the nearest station to Drydd, and made a transparent pretense of reading a society paper, whilst all the time he was counting the very minutes, the telegraph posts, the seconds till he would see Rosamond.

He lost no time in driving at once to the old sleepy hollow, driving right up the front gates with all speed.

They were locked, they were rusty, they had not been opened for years by all appearances.

Vainly he shook them; he only got his gloves covered with rust for his trouble.

The house was shut up, the blinds down, the shutters closed; it looked like an abode of the dead.

There was no admittance evidently—business or no business; and Allan now turned his steps towards the old Rectory.

Mr. Cameron was away, would not be back for ten days, was his vinegar-faced housekeeper's answer to Allan's query, and the family at the Manor House had not been here for years—four years.

"Where were they now, could she tell him?" he asked, anxiously.

"'Deed, no; it was more than anyone could say. The last she had heard of them was about a year ago, and Miss Rosamond was about to be married to some foreigner, and make a great match; and it's washing day, sir, if you'll excuse me!" holding the door in her wrinkled, soapy hand. "And Mr. Cameron is not at home."

This was a broad hint with a vengeance; there was no mistake about it; but still he lingered on the steps as a drowning man clings to a straw.

"Are you sure you heard that Miss Rosamond was going to be married?" he asked, with trembling lips.

"Quite sure, quite sure," impatiently; "she must be married this year or more. The wonder is she was not married long before, men is that foolish about a pretty face!"

And here Mrs. Spring, being an old maid herself, was heard to mutter that she had "no time for gossiping," and being no respecter of persons, gentle or simple, went in and did not forget to bang the hall door loudly after her.

* * * * * *

"Rosamond married! It was impossible—he would not believe it," he said to himself, in a low voice, as he walked away.

It was not the least likely. That old harridan knew no better, and still spoke of her as "Miss Dane."

Evidently their marriage was still a secret; yes, the old cockatrice on the steps little knew that she was speaking to Rosamond's husband.

He made his way to the George Hotel, ordered a room for the night and dinner, and set out to stroll over the Marshes in the interim, and to try to compose his mind.

He would wait for Mr. Cameron, and see what he had to say for himself.

Surely he knew the whereabouts of the Brand family? or could put him on the trail.

He had changed, everything seemingly had changed except Drydd.

There was apparently the identical people standing in doorways; the same cocks and hens, and dogs promenading the narrow old High-street, and the Marshes were just as he had last seen them.

He might have fancied he had been absent one night only, and that his years of hardship and his terrible experience on "Crampton's Reef" was nothing but a sad dream.

Where was Rosamond? that was the question. He must and would find her, and never rest till then.

But four years, he told himself as he stood watching a gorgeous crimson sun setting beyond the Marshes and over the sea, four years without a word or sign is a long time to test the constancy and confidence of a girl of eighteen; and she, as she had often warned him, had no will of her own.

He now remembered what he had then laughed at, with a shudder.

Who could tell what her mother would force her to do, and how she would succumb? Still, she could scarcely forget him so soon.

Though four years had seemed four centuries to him, probably to her they had passed with inconceivable rapidity. Perhaps she had forgotten him! Women were fickle, women were notoriously inconstant—women were strange!

As he passed through a long shady lane, paved with queer, round cobble stones, *en route* home, he saw a scene that amused him not a little, though a smile was the last thing he would have expected from himself.

It was a shabby-looking little boy, of say four years or less, big and sturdy, with fine, open forehead, dark eyes, and dark hair, defending himself with a broken branch against a dog, a sort of light brown mongrel who kept making playful sallies at his little bare legs.

The child stood in a corner between a gate pin and a bank, and was throughly in earnest; but the dog was in fun, and barked, tore up the ground with his hind legs, and ran gleeful circles, whilst the child, with tightly-pressed lips, and look of resolution, tempered with fright—but no tears—kept the animal at bay by brandishing the branch in all directions, and shouting courageously.

"What a plucky little chap!" was Allan's first thought, "and what a pretty boy!" his second.

In spite of his shabby, patched frock, and bare arms and legs, he looked uncommonly well with his bright eyes, bright cheeks, and curly brown hair.

"Hullo, you sir!" cried Allan, "what's the matter?" pushing the dog away with his arm. "What's all this about, eh?"

"Toddy won't let me go home," replied the child, without the smallest shyness, "and Mother Nan 'll beat me."

Here his under lip quivered, and his eyes suddenly filled with two big tears.

"Never mind Toddy," returned Allan, firmly, "you come along with me, and I'll take care of you. Where does Mother Nan live? Toddy is a foolish dog."

"In there," pointing a small brown finger to the village.

"Is she your mother?" inquired Allan of the boy, who was trotting along beside him, hand in hand, quite contentedly, whilst Toddy scampered in front.

"I don't know," rejoined the child, glancing up at him inquiringly.

There was something in the look and the shape of the little face turned up to his that gave Allan a start. This was no common village child.

His parents or parent belonged to gentlefolk—some story, some sad, sinful story, was probably connected with his birth, and he, poor little chap, had been "farmed out," as it was called, in hopes that he would not trouble the world long.

Yes, the more Allan looked at the little figure trotting along barefooted beside him the more convinced that he had made a good shot he became.

"And what were you doing out by yourself?" he asked.

"I came with Poppy Daodes to gather wood for mother Nan. If I don't bring wood she's angry. Look, see?" pushing up one little bare shoulder out of his frock, and thereby displaying two or three recent red weals across the soft fair skin.

Allan felt the blood fly to his face. He felt that he could thrash "Mother Nan" with his own hands, but he only said, quite in an every-day tone:

"I hope you are not a bad boy, eh?"

"I don't know. Mother Nan says I am," with an air of frank dejection. "Here she is," clinging very tightly, indeed, to Allan's hand, as a big-faced, weather-beaten woman, in a blue cotton dress and little knitted shawl, came suddenly round the corner, exclaiming:

"Poppy, Poppy—Tommy! Wherever is that little limb now?"

Seeing him under the escort of a gentleman, she changed her air and tone entirely, and said, with an affectation of good nature:

"Well, to be sure! don't let him be bothering you, sir. Come here now, your supper's ready."

"No trouble at all," rejoined Allan; "we struck up an acquaintance in the lane yonder. He was in a little difficulty with a dog. What's the little chap's name?"

"Tommy," returned Mother Nan, promptly, and with a significant nod of her head. "It's about all the name he has any right to. No father or mother—you understand," she continued, impressively, whilst Tommy, still clutching the stranger's hand with his little brown fingers, gazed up in her face eagerly, as if he was trying to understand what she meant.

"Ah, indeed!" returned Allan, awkwardly, not exactly knowing what to say. "I'm fond of children. Suppose you let him come and dine with me to-night at The George. I want somebody to keep me company."

"Lawk-a-mercy me!" exclaimed Mother Nan. "Why it's seven o'clock now, and it's his bedtime. However'—with would-be sprightliness and with visions of probable half-crowns from this handsome young gentleman, who had taken such a queer notion into his head, she added, tolerantly, "'Tisn't every day you are asked to dine with a friend at The George, is it? I'll just take you home and wash your face and hands—Heaven knows they want it."

So saying, she seized the reluctant Tommy by the hand and hurried him away; and Allan, being opposite the inn, walked in and ordered another place to be laid, with, if possible, a high chair, and a large bowl of bread and milk, and some sort of pudding.

The young woman in the bar gaped, as well she might, when she heard these extraordinary orders, and stared still harder when, ten minutes later, she saw a shabby little child, Mother Nan's brat, seated at table, evidently perfectly at home with the new arrival; and they were talking away to each other, as she remarked, as if they had known each other for years, or as if this stranger were the father of a whole brood of children himself, and well accustomed to study all their customs and tastes.

Allan had not had the care of Johnny for more than a year for nothing; and for Johnny's sake, somehow or other he had a leaning towards all children now, and something about this bright-faced, forlorn little social outcast touched his sympathies in a way that surprised himself.

It was a funny sight, so thought the waiter and landlady, and the barmaid, as the two latter peeped into the dining-room and saw this incongruous pair—the dark, good-looking stranger, and the pauper child—in friendly intercourse.

Tommy had just finished his pudding, and was really incapable of eating any more.

Dessert was put on the table, and apples and biscuits were put aside for the young gentleman to carry home, and he was gazing with extreme astonishment at the cigar that his new friend was just proceeding to light, never having beheld such an article before.

"Mother Nan has never—that," pointing with a spoon to the article in question; "but she likes that," veering the spoon round in the direction of the decanter. "What's your name, gentleman?" he asked, after a pause, having no shyness whatever about him as we have seen, and being brought up among old people, was remarkably precocious for his age.

"My name?"

"Yes, sir."

"My name," said his companion, "is Allan. What do you think of it?"

"Not so nice as Tommy," replied the child, without hesitation. "May I have an apple, Allan?"

"To eat to-morrow—not now," returned his host, with more prudence than generally characterizes young men. "You shall have them all. We will put them up in a bag pretty soon. I'm afraid you must soon be going. You look sleepy. Johnny Nod is coming."

"I don't want to go, Allan; I want to stay with you," returned Tommy, puckering up his face, and drawing down the corners of his mouth. "I don't want to go back to Mother Nan. I like you best," now hurrying from his perch and burrowing his head into Allan's arm. "Let me stay with you," beginning to sob, and raising a pair of beautiful brown eyes drowned in tears to his host's disconcerted face.

"He had brought a nice Old Man of the Sea on his shoulders," he said to himself, frankly. "What was he to do with this child, who was clinging to him like a limpet, and imploring to be allowed to stay with him in broken sobs.

The entrance of Mother Nan with one loud, imperative knock settled the matter. Mother Nan in a large, black poke-bonnet, and with authority in her voice,—

"Time for bed, Tommy. Sorry to send him to you so awful shabby and poorly dressed, but one pound five a month don't leave much margin for clothes when a child has a healthy appetite."

Here was a broad hint, and Allan instinctively put his hand to his waistcoat pocket, which Mother Nan perceiving, she continued volubly,—

"In fact, dear gentleman, I'm a kind-hearted, silly sort of body, as all the neighbors says, and anyone but me would have sent him to the poor-house long ago. What's fifteen pound a year for the board and lodging and clothes of a big boy like that, with milk at fourpence a quart, and the money not paid reg'lar. It's just for charity I do it, and nothing else, and it's a hard pinch betimes. If the child was honest born——"

"Never mind that," interrupted Allan angrily. "That's not his fault."

"No; and anyone can see with half an eye that he comes of gentle folk—anyway, he is by the look of him. I should say his father was a gentleman."

Allan was not disposed to stop and discuss Tommy's parentage with this loud-voiced, fiery-eyed virago, and turning the subject adroitly, asked:

"How long she had had the charge of him?"

Nigh three years, she told him. He had been handed over to her by a coastguard's wife who was going to America, and she took him as a favor and there he was, gesticulating.

During this colloquy Tommy had fallen asleep, with his head against Allan's chair, his hand in his, and now Mother Nan made a swoop upon him, gathered him up in her arms; and pocketing a large bonus from Allan, with a promise of letting the child come round some time next morning, she bounced triumphantly out of the room.

When she had passed the window Allan rose, pushed his chair back, and strolled out into the passage and to the inn door.

It was a lovely, soft summer's evening, and he stood with his hands in his pockets, surveying the queer old street, the church at the turn of the same where he had seen Rosamond for the second time, and the rooks overhead, slowly flapping their way home.

It was rarely Mrs. Bisset, of the George, had a customer like Allan. Hers were mostly commercial travellers, and were not too abundant; but the bar drove a fine local trade, which paid well.

And her woman's curiosity was stimulated by this handsome young gentleman who seemed to have dropped from the clouds, and who had taken the queer fancy of bringing Nan's Tommy home with him to dinner.

She resolved to have a bit of a chat with him; times were dull, and a stranger from beyond the Marshes was a real godsend.

So, with a little preliminary cough, and a complacent stroking down of her black satin apron, she approached the young man on the steps, and tendered the obvious fact that "it was a fine evening."

"Come out for a gossip," thought Allan, suddenly wheeling round, "and I'm her man, but I must be cautious."

"Lovely evening," he returned, politely. "What a queer old place you have here!" pointing up and down the street with the end of his cigar.

"Yes, very old and much out of the way—but healthy."

"Uncommon out of the world," as you say," he assented. "I suppose living here is something like a slug's existence in a head of cabbage—no event from year's end to year's end?"

"Oh, I wouldn't say that!" rejoined Mrs. Bisset, somewhat nettled at this remark, "we have our events, like other people. There's many a queer story about Drydd, I can tell you."

"You have no gentry about here, I suppose, or very few?"

"We've only Mr. Cameron, the rector, now, and, poor, dear man, he's quite lost his mind and his memory."

"You don't say so!" ejaculated Allan, incredulously. "I came down here especially to see him. I am exceedingly sorry to hear this."

"It was all that flower-rooting, fern-gathering nonsense that turned his poor brain in my opinion," said Mrs. Bisset, decisively. "He caught his death of cold on the Marshes and has never been the same since. He is away for a bit now, and we have a curate, a rare, fine preacher."

"And are there no families in the neighborhood, or have they all gone away too?" inquired Allan artfully.

"There were, the Danes, of the Manor House, a splendid old family," rejoined Mrs. Bisset, now as it were, warming up into a good gossiping vein, and clearing her throat and squaring her elbows prepared to enjoy herself.

CHAPTER IX.

"THE old lady were a queer one, and no mistake, living in the same two rooms year after year, and she as well and hale as I am. She was as mad as a March hare."

"Yes, go on," said Allan, removing his cigar. "Tell me all about these people. I like to hear the history of a family, even if I don't know them."

"Well, the old one had a sweetly-pretty granddaughter. They called her the 'Rose of Drydd,' and with good reason, too. You never in your life saw any one so pretty," and Allan warmly agreed with Mrs. Bisset in his own mind.

"She had a dreary life of it—no company, and nought to do but wander about the Marshes all alone. I need not tell you that she got into a rare mischief," nodding her head and shutting her eyes at the mere recollection.

"Eh, what?" stammered Allan, dropping his cigar on the gravel at his feet. "What do you mean?"

"I'll tell you bye-and-bye," proceeded Mrs. Bisset, complacently, knowing she had a good story to relate, and meaning to take her own time about the telling.

"The old lady died, and the girl—Miss Rosamond was her name—Miss Rosamond Dane lived on alone at the Manor till her people came from India."

"Yes, yes," acquiesced Allan, who was literally boiling over with impatience; "well and what then?"

"Before they came back, and before the old lady died, there was talk of a young man being seen about," impressively.

"Oh, indeed, a young man!"

"Yes. No one knew exactly who he was; but he wasn't, so they say, a gentleman."

"No?"

"However be that as it may, he and Miss Rose were keeping company on the sly, so I've been told. I never saw him myself, mind you"—(little did the good lady imagine as she turned to impress this on Allan that her eyes were resting on him that very moment). "It's growing a bit chilly now," she proceeded, "and if you would not mind coming inside I'd like to tell you the story of Miss Rosamond Dane."

And Miss Rosamond's husband, nothing loth, threw away his cigar, and followed the landlady into her own sanctum.

"I'm afraid of the rheumatics," she said, as she seated herself on a roomy horse-hair sofa. "This Drydd is a damplish kind of place, and I got them bad."

"And about this young lady?" said Allan, hitching himself up into a deep window-sill, and devouring his companion with his eyes, whilst his heart beat so loud and so fast that he seemed to hear nothing else.

"Oh, indeed, it's not a very nice story, and I would not be telling it to a young man like you only you are a black stranger, and never saw her and never will see her, and I'm in a talking humor, as it happens.

"Of course, I do, and on your honor. Not a word of what I say is to travel further, and, before going further, might I make so bold as to ask your name?"

"Allan was in the act, naturally enough, of saying "Gordon," but he pulled himself up with an effort, and said instead—

"Kingsford."

"'Um—Mr. Kingsford or Captain Kingsford?"

"Lord Kingsford."

"Lawk a mussy! who'd expect to see a lord down here!" she ejaculated, staring at him with roused eyes and parted lips, and an expression of intense amazement.

Never in her life had Mrs. Bisset seen or spoken to a real live lord before, and now she came to stare at him particularly. He quite fulfilled her expectations—he looked like one.

"Never mind me," he exclaimed, "but go on about the young lady."

"The young lady? Oh, to be sure! Well, the old woman died, leaving a mighty queer will.

"Every one said she was cracked. Miss Rosamond got every penny of the Dane property, nigh six thousand a year."

"Six thousand a year!" echoed the gentleman in the window, in a tone of profound amazement.

"But she was not to touch a halfpenny of it till she married or came to the age of twenty-five."

"Yes?"

"Well, then, her mother came home from India, and carried her off, money and all, and there, she is now living somewhere like a princess, with crowds of gentlemen after her, of course, and as many offers to marry as there are days in the week, but not married, at which every one wonders, and don't know the reason; but (very triumphantly) I do. Would you like to hear it?"

A nod of the head was all Allan could offer, in the shape of an answer, and, thus encouraged, Mrs. Bisset proceeded very glibly:—

"That little boy that you picked up and brought home is a fine, pretty boy, ain't he? Well, and you had him to dinner, and got a good look at him; and now I'm going to tell you something that will surprise you.

"Only me and Mr. Cameron's housekeeper and one or two others know it. That little beggar child with the bare feet and brown eyes is Miss Rosamond Dane's son!"

* * * * *

Mrs. Bisset drew back her head as if to survey the full effect of this announcement, and it surpassed her most sanguine expectations.

The young lord gave such a violent start that he knocked his elbow clean through a pane of glass, as in a strange, imperative tone, he exclaimed:

"What!—what the deuce do you mean?"

"I mean what I say, no more and no less," said Mrs. Bisset, doggedly, "Tommy, at Mother Nan's, is Miss Dane's child, though, of course, you'll keep it dark."

"Miss Dane's child!" murmured her husband, wiping his forehead as he spoke, and looking extremely pale, only that he was sitting with his back to the light, and it did not appear. "How do you make that out?"

"Very easily. After the Brands came home Miss Dane and old Maggs came down here quite on the quiet for three or four months. I used to see Miss Dane, almost every day, walking in the Marshes all alone, but only in the distance.

"She never came to church, nor into the village, and saw no one—it was queer! And, one day, a man I know came upon her quite sudden like on a foot-bridge.

"You would not know where it is, but it's a long way off, and she was crying like anything, and talking to herself and wringing her hands, and seemed in terrible grief about nothing."

"Yes, and then—what next?" he asked, with feverish anxiety.

"The next thing was, she was given out to have gone away, but it was all a hoax. She and Maggs—we knew afterwards, were there shut up in the old lady's rooms, and it came out after, through a strange doctor's servant, that he had attended a young lady here in Drydd Manor, and that she nearly died in giving birth to a child, a fine healthy boy.

"And it was a queer thing, that just about that time Maggs came down to a woman I know with a baby in her arms, and a fine cock-and-a-bull story about her niece's child, and offering to pay seven-and-sixpence a week. I knew it was Miss Dane's well, not that it takes a bit after her, or any of the family."

"And how did you know?"

"Well, sir, to be quite frank and plain with you, Maggs and I were always friends, being at school together, and she said it was more than flesh and blood could stand to keep the secret, and just before she went she told me it was Miss Rosamond's child."

A long pause followed this announcement and for quite five minutes Allan did not speak.

"Rosamond's child!" this little neglected village pariah, that even children might not play with; that had no name, no mother, was also his child, the heir now to a coronet, to lands, to honors, and respect.

It took him some time to realize this fact, and to find steady and coherent speech.

"And does the child's mother never come to see it?" he asked, presently, with his eyes on the ground.

"Come to see it? Bless your heart, no. She never troubles herself about it one way or another. She just hates it like poison, I fancy, wishes it was dead, and, indeed, you can't blame her for that; for it's a living disgrace. What I think bad of is, not her never noticing it, not writing, but her sometimes not paying a penny for months, and she rolling in riches; to grudge the poor little creature a few shillings, is real downright wicked; and Mother Nan, she do drink, and when she's a bit 'on' she treats him no how. Only he's a spirited little chap his heart would be broken long ago. I'm often thinking of him; and wishing I could take him myself" (which was mere figure of speech).

"Well, Mrs. Bisset, I have been listening to your story with the deepest interest," said Allan at last.

"I suppose you have no clue to the child's mother, and don't know where she lives, eh?" now getting out of the window, and coming forward.

"No more than the cat there on the roof."

This was conclusive.

"And you don't know anything of the Brands, I suppose, nor where they may be found?"

"No more than the man in the moon!"

"Ah, well, I've made up my mind, if you think there'll be no objection, to adopt that little boy Tommy."

"Lord a mercy on you! you're out o' your mind!"

"Not a bit of it. I am rich, and can afford to please my fancy. I've taken a fancy to him, and I'm sure he will be better off with me than Mother Nan!" smiling.

"But what will a young man like you do dragging about a child like that? It will look uncommon queer," objected Mrs. Bisset, imperiously forgetting that she was speaking to a lord.

"I don't in the least mind that."

"And you a bachelor!"

"Who told you I was a bachelor?"

"No one, but I'm sure you are by the look of you."

"Appearances are deceitful, Mrs. Bisset. For once in your life you have made a bad shot. I am a married man!"

Mrs. Bisset once more ejaculated—

"Lawk a mercy!" and cast up her hands in amazement.

"I'm sure I don't know why you should be so astonished," he returned impatiently. "I suppose I'm not o'er young to marry, am I?"

"No, no—but I'm surprised. Is the lady living?"

"Yes."

"Any family?"

"Yes—one."

"Boy or girl?"

"Boy."

"Oh, then it's just a kind of little companion for him, I suppose, you'll be wanting—one child has a lonely time of it. Well, it's a great chance for poor Tommy. It was a good wind blew you across his path.

"He's a well-dispositioned child and truthful, though where he got it I don't know; and you see, as I tell you, he has gentle blood in his veins by the mother's side. I make no doubt but that he and your own little boy will get on together and be great friends."

Allan made no doubt on the subject either, agreed with Mrs. Bisset entirely, and making some polite remark about the lateness of the hour, bade her good-night, and left the old lady to her reflections and her supper.

He did not go upstairs, nor into the coffee-room.

He went out and walked—he did not quite know where. His mind was in a chaos—his brain was in a twirl.

He felt in a kind of fever, and nothing but the cool sea air blowing over the Marshes would moderate his temperature,

as, with his hat off, he strolled along wrapt in very strange and novel thoughts.

He was a father—father of a son four years old.

This idea took him some time to digest, and he could see that the child resembled him and his people, Mrs. Bisset was right—he had not a trace of Rosamond.

He was a splendid little fellow, and, his heart had somehow warmed to him from the first, and he certainly was a rich prize, well worth coming for to Drydd.

He had arrived in haste to search for his wife, and instead fate had given him a son.

And Rosamond—who had disowned, cast off, and neglected their child—what could he think of her!

His mind was set against her—he was filled with anger, disappointment, and outraged love.

If she had cared for him she never would have deserted their helpless child. Why, the very poorest of the poor had affection for their offspring, and here was she, an heiress of thousands, grudging a few shillings to support poor Tommy.

Facts looked black, very black. If she had even come once to see him he would not have minded, but to ignore his existence altogether, and leave him, so to speak in the gutter was abominable, wicked, inhuman.

How changed she must be! Four years were a long time to a girl of her age, the innocent, comely maiden who lived a life of nun-like retirement, and gladly ran away with the first young man she saw, was now a beautiful heiress, with thousands per annum, suitors at her feet a kind of leader of fashion, and only too anxious to forget the little faux pas of her early girlhood, to forget her long-lost husband, and that he could allow for and forgive; but to forget and neglect her first born, that he would never pardon—never!

He would take Tommy home to Kingsford, introduce him as his son and as his heir.

Who his mother was, or where she was nobody's concern—(was it not, my good sir?) but his own.

No one knew much about him; he had never been a society man, and people were sure to think much more of Lord Kingsford than of his antecedents.

He was so much altered in appearance, he told himself, that his own mother would not have recognized him had she been alive; and were he to meet Rosamond now they would be strangers—at least.

It was impossible that in him she would trace the familiar, bearded face of her former lover and her long-lost husband, Allan Gordon.

And here again his indignation rose within him hotly.

She had never acknowledged her marriage, and had allowed their child to go forth to the world nameless.

Of course it was ridiculous to expect that an heiress, with the world at her feet, he said to himself, with a sneer, would care to blazon forth her mesalliance with a poor, hard-working civil engineer. What tale had she told her people when she hid the fact of her marriage—what lie?

"Aye, I have a heavy reckoning to make up with you when I find you, Miss Rosamond Dane," he said to himself, as he turned once more towards the George Inn; "not so much on my own behalf as Tommy's. Little, little do you imagine, you very unnatural young woman, that you are the mother of Lord Kingsford's heir!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Forgiven.

BY P. C. B.

IT was a beautifully furnished room, displaying exquisite taste in every detail.

The woman standing looking out at the garden, all shorn of its beauty by the wintry wind, was exquisite herself, as well as the room.

I do not mean that Esther Graham was beautiful, in one sense of the word, but there was so much of quiet elegance in her manner, so much graceful dignity in her face—something so pure in the outline of face and form, that the word exquisite described her far better than the word beautiful.

Her dress was of cream-colored cashmere and costly lace encircled the neck and fell over hands, while a sash of pale blue was tied loosely round her waist, and she wore a knot of it at her breast.

Any one looking—nay, even more, any one knowing Esther Graham, would have laughed at the person who would have hinted that this serene, proud woman could harbor jealousy for a moment.

It seemed a feeling so far out of place, when spoken of in connection with her; yet standing there, with parted lips, and calm, proud eyes, Esther Graham was almost insane with the demon of it.

She could make no mistake.

It was her husband she had seen talking so earnestly to—oh Heaven! was she going mad?—to Clare Monteith, the actress.

Neither could she make a mistake in the woman, for she had not only seen her on the stage many times, but off it.

It had come upon her so suddenly.

She had been to the park with another lady, and had sat down to rest, while Miss Jackson loitered about, when a voice she knew so well—the voice, which even at the end of five years of married peace, could make her heart throb still, like a girl with her first, shy love.

Her husband's voice!

Was she dreaming?

And who was his companion?

The voices came from behind her, and the speakers were seated in an artificial arbor, within a few yards of her.

Without a moment's thought she rose from her seat, and went closer to them, and standing, leaning slightly forward, she could not only hear them, but see them.

She was too late to hear much, but this is what she saw.

A girl of perhaps nineteen—a girl of rare beauty.

Her complexion was fair enough to go with blonde or golden hair, but the clustering rings that curled around it, and fell loosely down her back, were nut-brown, though her eyes were sky-blue.

Every feature was perfect—the forehead square, the nose Grecian, the mouth crimson and perfectly shaped, while her form was slender, girlish and graceful.

The beautiful face was one Esther Graham had seen before, but for a moment she could not recall it.

Then like a flash she remembered where she had seen it, and who this blue-eyed girl with the nut-brown hair was.

She had once gone to the studio of a famous painter, and as she went in another lady came out, and the beauty of the face, as well as something familiar even then, had struck her.

She pleasantly asked the painter who the lady was.

"It is a wonder you did not recognise her by her portraits, though they do not do her justice. That is Clare Monteith, the actress."

Now standing there she knew the beautiful girl, talking so earnestly with her husband, was the very same she had seen that day.

Looking at her husband, whose eyes were resting on Clare's face, Esther felt her heart grow cold.

She was too late to hear much, for the lady was rising as she went over.

"To-morrow night," she heard her husband say, "at the masquerade ball, in Vermont Hall."

"I will be a Swiss dancing girl," Miss Monteith said; "what will you be?"

"I cannot tell yet, but I shall know you. Pin a flower in your breast."

"I will wear a bunch of daisies," she said, "so you cannot mistake me."

Mr. Graham had risen as well, and his wife could see his face, as he bent over Clare Monteith's hand.

"I will be there," he said, "for my heart longs for the moment, I know I shall have a right to love you——"

Esther could not hear the remainder of the sentence, but she heard the answer—

"It seems almost too good to be true, that I shall have some one to love. With all my fame I have been alone."

"And you will leave the stage?"

Esther did not hear her answer, or her question after, but she heard her husband say—

"My heart is satisfied. I loved you almost from the moment I saw you. My heart decided at once."

They were moving now, and fearful lest he should see her she sank down on a seat near at hand.

"The masquerade ball! at Vermont Hall!" she quietly repeated. "Heaven pity me!"

There was no excuse for him.

He had been no boy when he made her his wife, but a man, old enough to know his own heart, and she had given him every thought of hers—given him her pure woman's love and for this!

A low, shuddering moan left her lips, and then she rose to her feet again.

"Let me die! Let me die!" she cried, "for I cannot live now."

Then suddenly her pride came to her aid.

She remembered Miss Jackson would be coming back to the seat she had left, so she walked back and sat down on it again, as if she had never left it, but her face was ashen pale.

A little later Miss Jackson joined her, and looking at her, gave a little cry—

"What is the matter, Esther? Are you ill? What is it?"

With an effort Mrs. Graham roused herself.

"Yes. A sudden faintness came over me. I have not felt well all this morning."

In a few moments, however, Mrs. Graham recovered at least her outward composure, though her face still kept its paleness.

And this very evening, that Esther stood at the window, was the evening of the masked ball.

Standing there, outwardly so calm, inwardly so tempest-tossed, a wild project formed itself in her mind.

She would go to the masquerade ball, follow the Swiss dancing-girl and her companion, and know the worst, and then—ah! let her keep that from her mind, if only for a few hours longer.

About an hour later her husband came in.

He came over and kissed her, and all she could do was to bear it calmly; but she did so, and he never dreamed that she would have been willing to have fallen dead at his feet to be able to raise her eyes to his, with the faith and trust of a week before.

And the evening shades began to fall, while Esther Graham watched her husband her very soul in her eyes, and had his mind not been pre-occupied, he must have noticed her manner.

As the clock struck nine, he rose.

"I am going out, Esther, and I shall not be back till late."

She bowed.

She was unable to speak.

He left the room, and for a few minutes she stood looking at him, then she went up to her own room.

Without a moment's hesitation, she donned a dress of the style of a century past, and with a hat of the same period tied over her face, and a square of muslin pinned over her breast, no one would have recognized her, even if she had not put on the mask that lay beside her.

Three hours later the ball at Vermont Hall was at its height, and just then a Swiss girl, with a bunch of daisies in her breast, passed, leaning on the arm of a Greek Corsair.

They turned out of a main ball-room into a conservatory, and the Swiss girl leaned against a pillar, where she removed her mask, while the man bending over her did the same.

"I have them," the girl said, "and to-morrow you will call for me. Though your heart received me, the world would not, but I have all the proofs."

At this instant a sound like a moan fell on their ears, and looking past his companion, the Corsair saw a woman standing at a little distance—a woman with a half mask over her face.

Esther Graham had only heard a few words of what Clare Monteith had said, but they, few as they were, had maddened her.

Without an instant's hesitation, she raised one hand to the other, and the next moment something rolled to James Graham's feet.

He stooped to pick it up, and a cry of pain came from his lips.

"Oh Heaven!" he said, "does she doubt my love?"

"What is it?" the Swiss girl asked.

"My wife's wedding-ring," he replied.

White and worn-looking, with a fear that made him tremble, James Graham left the ball-room.

He went straight to his home and sought his wife's room, but Esther was gone, and many weary days passed before he saw her again.

When Esther Graham left her husband's house, she intended not only to go to the ball, but never to return to her home again if she got proof of his falseness.

When she left the ball-room she knew not, nor cared much, in what direction she went.

And after that, many weary days passed to James Graham, but they were more bitterly weary to the unhappy wife he searched for.

The winter wore away to spring, but still a fire burned in one of the parlors of the home Esther Graham had left, and before it sat James Graham and Clare Monteith.

And where was the unhappy wife?

Crouching low on the verandah, and looking in with wide, wild eyes at the scene before her.

In her intense mad anger and jealousy, Esther Graham had stolen back to see this, and now that she saw it, she could bear no more.

She put her hand out as if to open the window, for it opened on the verandah, and as she did so, her husband rose, and, as he turned to leave the room, he bent and kissed the forehead of the beautiful girl at the fire.

This was more than the tortured woman could bear.

A wild cry rang out from her lips as she tried to push the window back, her strength gave way, and she fell forward, dashing the window in, and falling at the feet of her husband and her companion, whom her cry had brought to the casement.

And for many dark, long days after, Esther Graham lay in a burning fever, and her husband grew white and haggard watching over her, though she never knew him, and Clare Monteith's fair face grew pale with the fear that Esther would pass to the eternal shore, and kneeling down she prayed for the life of which there was so little hope.

But her prayer was heard, for Esther came back from the border of the "shadow land"—came back as if death's hand still held her—came back to the memory that brought such agony of pain.

They told her husband she was conscious again, and that there was hope.

"Can I go in?" he said, for he had told the physician the whole story.

"Yes," the doctor answered; "she breathes now, but the real truth will save her life."

He went in and knelt beside her couch, but she only turned away.

"Spare me," was all she said.

"Oh, my darling! my darling! What have you believed? What have you thought? Esther, Clare Monteith is the child of my dead sister, Adele. You have heard the story of her marriage and her desertion, and how she fled from all who knew her, before her baby was born, and of our fruitless search for her.

"Clare Monteith is her child, and from the moment I saw her, it struck me, from her singular likeness to Adele, but I waited, she gave me the proofs, before I told you, or claimed her before the world, and the very night you would have known all, you fled from your home."

Oh, the depth of joy, of hope, of peace restored, that throbbed in the cry—

"My husband! my husband! Can you forgive me?"

And his answer was—

"My darling!"

And then she asked for Clare Monteith, and her husband went for her, and the beautiful girl came straight to her.

Esther raised herself and held out her arms, with words of welcome.

"You will forgive me, too?" she said; "it was all my love;" and Clare pressed her lips to the sweet warm face.

"I love you," she said.

Bric-a-Brac.

CARRARA'S TOILET BOX.—Francis Carrara, the last Lord of Padua, was famous for his cruelties. At Venice is exhibited a little box for the toilet, in which are six little guns, which were adjusted with springs in such a manner that upon opening the box the guns were discharged and killed the lady to whom Carrara had sent it.

SPARE TIME.—In Russia there are thirty-three holy days in year, in addition to Sundays, when work is forbidden. The observance of these makes a considerable gap in the day-laborer's yearly earnings. When men are paid by the week, however, no deduction is made from their wages on account of the compulsory idleness imposed by the Church.

IN FORMER DAYS.—It was not always the custom of Englishwomen to substitute a mild "Bother!" for a much more expressive style of speech. On one occasion, when the Duchess of Marlborough had called at Lord Mansfield's lodgings without leaving her name, she was identified by the account which the servant gave of her manner of speaking. "I don't know who she was," said the man; "but she swore like a lady of quality.

EGGS.—Many queer superstitions are held in various parts of the world about eggs. In some places people are afraid to gather eggs and bring them into the house after dark, in others eggs must not be brought in on Sunday. In France certain folks preserve all the year eggs laid on Good Friday, as it is thought they are valuable for extinguishing fires. An old writer said that if the owners of houses eat eggs, they must take care to eat an even number, otherwise mischief will betide the house.

A TALENT FOR DOGS.—Two young animal painters were discussing their latest production on canvas. Said the taller of the two, "I had quite a talent for bull-dogs but I've had to give up painting them. You see it was such a dreadful bore to have to keep the live dogs from springing on my dogs and tearing them to pieces." "I had rather a gift for bull-dogs," replied his companion, "but I had to give up painting them. It was too much trouble to keep the dogs from springing out of my pictures, and tearing the live animals to pieces."

WHAT A DETECTIVE DISCOVERED.—"Yes," said a noted detective, "I have seen a great many queer things in my experience." "Discovered a good many gigantic frauds, I suppose?" ventured an admirer. "Well, I should say so!" was the reply. "But, between you and me, the most complete piece of deception I ever saw was a woman, young, pretty, and, I, would have sworn, an angle." "But she wasn't?" "I should say not! She has a temper like a whirlwind, and when she gets wild the very earth seems to shake!" "Good gracious! And how did you manage to discover her true character?" "Well, I—ahem—the fact is, I married her!"

A VALLEY OF POISON.—In Java, the scene of the recent volcanic eruptions, is the poisonous valley "Gueva Upas," which is a cause of terror to the inhabitants far and wide. Every living creature that penetrates the valley falls lifeless beneath the exhalations of carbonic acid gas, which, accumulating in the centre, forms a lake of deadly poison. The bones of man and tiger, bird and deer, alike whiten this dismal valley of death. The deadly "Upas tree" which was said to overcome by its poisonous influence the bird which flew over it, or the man or beast which slept within its shade, owes its traditional renown to such places as this, which are far more deadly than the far-famed *Antiaris toxicaria* (Upas tree) about which opinions differ as to its deadly properties.

FINGERS BEYOND FORKS.—Neither the Greeks nor the Romans used forks. It was customary with them to have their food cut up into small pieces before it was served up; besides which, it was dressed in such a manner as to be exceedingly tender, and easily divided with the instruments called "ligulæ," closely resembling our spoons. The use of forks was first known in Italy towards the end of the fifteenth century. In France they were entirely new at the termination of the sixteenth century. Corvat, an Englishman, who had traveled in Italy, is said to have introduced forks into England in 1610; and for doing so met with considerable ridicule. In a word, the use of forks at the table was at first considered as a superfluous luxury. In that sense they were forbidden to convents.

MAY-MAIDS.—In Ireland a custom used to prevail on May-day, when the young people of both sexes, and many old people too, collected in districts and localities, and selected the handsomest girl, of from eighteen to twenty years of age, as queen of the district for twelve months. She was then crowned with wild flowers, and feasting, dancing, and rural sports were closed by a procession in the evening. The duties of her majesty were by no means heavy, as she had only to preside over rural assemblies of young folk at dances and merry-makings, and had the utmost obedience paid to her by all classes of her subjects. If she got married before the next May-day, her authority was at an end; but still she held office till that day, when her successor to the throne was chosen. If not married during her reign of twelve months, she was capable of being re-elected; but that seldom happened, as there was always found some candidate, put forward by the young men of the district, to dispute the crown the next year.

THE SLEIGH BELL.

BY G. W. M.

Merrily dash we o'er valley and hill,
All but the sleigh-bell is sleeping and still:
O! bless the dear sleigh-bell! there's nought can compare
To its loud merry tones, as they break on the ear.

Our horses are staunch, and they dart o'er the snow,
Our bells ring gaily the faster we go;
The night breezes sing with an answering swell,
To the melody rude of the merry sleigh-bell.

As swiftly o'er valley and mountain we rove,
The moon riding brightly and calmly above,
But sorrow shall hear its inspiriting knell,
In the loud cheerful note of the merry sleigh-bell.

Now kiss'd by the moon-beam, outstripping the wind,
The cool sweeping night-gale is panting behind,
Nor leave we it aught our fleet pathway to tell,
But the far distant tone of the merry sleigh-bell.

Where the white plain is smoothest in safety we ride,
Where the deep drift is highest we fearlessly glide,
O'er the steep ascend, and we plunge through the dell,
To the loud lively tone of the merry sleigh-bell.

Though sweet is the note of the amorous lute,
And mellow the tone of the soft-breathing flute,
E'en the rich rolling voice of the organ's loud swell
Is nought to compare to the merry sleigh-bell.

A FATAL DOWER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS WEDDED WIFE," "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "WE KISSED AGAIN," "ROBIN," "BUNCHIE," ETC.

CAPHTER XXIV—(CONTINUED.)

"WELL?" her husband said, as she paused.

"Stephen, he—he was starving!"

A hoarse exclamation broke from Stephen Daunt—an exclamation of pain and distress.

"You helped him?"

"Yes. Not that night—the next day—the day you were hurt. I drove to Lymouth to meet him."

"And did he tell you that he was innocent and—I guilty?"

"No—oh, no! It was afterwards."

"Afterwards?"

"Yes—the night he came to see Chrissie?"

"He told you then?"

"He did not tell me; I overheard it.'

"And did he urge you to have an inquiry made into the——"

"No, no," she cried eagerly; "he wished me not—he begged me not to do so; but it was too late."

"Too late! You had already done so?"

"Yes," she answered faintly.

"Against my wishes?"

"Yes."

There was a moment's silence; then she said piteously—

"Stephen, I could not help it. He knew nothing of it—he would go away, he said—go abroad; but he was so wretched, and Chrissie was dying, and—ah, I thought my heart would break with misery!"

"Go on," he said hoarsely, turning his face from her.

"When he left me that night—the first night—I determined to try to prove his innocence. Ah, do not smile like that! He is innocent."

"Yes—since I am guilty," he said bitterly.

"No, no, no!" she cried out wildly. "Oh Stephen, forgive me!"

"Tell me first what I have to forgive," he replied coldly. "You determined to prove his innocence."

"Yes; I wrote to Scotland Yard," she went on, struggling with the fast coming tears, fearing they would only increase his displeasure.

"To Scotland Yard! Well?"

"A detective came here," she faltered.

"Here to Easthorpe?" he asked, turning to her in surprise.

"Yes."

"When was that? How is it that I heard nothing of it?"

"You were very ill," she said quite feebly.

"I understand. My wife took advantage of my long illness to continue her deception."

The pale face sank until it almost rested upon her knees, the sobs were coming quickly now, in spite of all efforts; but there was no compassion in Stephen's voice when he next addressed her.

"Will you go on? The sooner I understand what I have to expect the better. You did not know, I presume, when you enlisted the services of the detective, that the innocence of your—of Frank Greville could be proved only by the guilt being brought home to your husband?"

"Stephen," she said brokenly, "be patient, be pitiful. Heaven knows that my suffering has surpassed my sin!"

He said nothing in answer to her appeal, he only waited in silence for her to speak again.

After a moment she went on, struggling with her tears.

"The detective came," she said faintly, "and said he would help me; and on that night—the night of the ball—I had a note from him, asking me to meet him the next day; and later, when you had gone, Frank came—in disguise of course. He called himself a doctor, and I told the servants that he had come to see Chrissie."

"I see," Stephen remarked coldly; "you were becoming more accomplished and daring in the art of deceit.

"What happened then? Did Mr. Frank Greville come into my house and accuse me of murder to my wife?"

"No," she said wearily, "I was not there—I left them together. I was coming back to tell them that—it was time for Frank to go—when I overheard——"

Her voice shook and faltered and failed her.

"You overheard Frank Greville's accusation, and you believed it!" he supplemented bitterly. "You, my wife—you whom I loved and trusted! You not only stooped to deception and falsehood, but you believed such a horrible accusation as that! You, who had known me for so many years, you who—— It is too horrible! The very thought stifles me and the words choke me!"

"It killed me!" she cried passionately, sinking forward upon her knees and bowing her head in abject humiliation. "Would to Heaven it had! Ah, if you knew what I have suffered since then!"

"I can imagine," he said, looking down at her with a momentary softening of his dark eyes. "You thought yourself married to a murderer, and that the shame and the disgrace would fall upon you.

"It was a painful position. May I ask what means you meant to employ to clear Frank Greville and convict your husband?"

She was sobbing piteously now, as she half knelt, half crouched at his feet, sobbing pitcously and uncontrollably, unable to speak, unable to answer his bitter question, although every cold clearly-spoken word went to her heart like the stab of a knife.

"Did you impart your suspicions to the detective when you gave him an interview, as I presume you did, on the following morning," he went on coldly, "and did he share them?

"And is the solving of the mystery you spoke of to-night in consequence of your exertions—your joint exertions I mean, of course? And what did the detective think of the wife who could so easily betray her husband, even though he were guilty of such a crime as that?"

"I did not—I did not!" she sobbed passionately. "Stephen, be patient with me a little, and—and I will tell you—— Wait just a little while."

She raised herself to her feet slowly and unsteadily, leaning heavily against the table.

Her sobs were dying away from sheer exhaustion, her cheeks and lips were colorless, and it would have been difficult for any one who had known her in her beauty and brilliancy to recognise the pale despairing woman as she stood there.

"I know that you must be angry," she said faintly, "that you can never forgive me for what I have done; but, if I was not mad, I was very nearly," she added, raising one little trembling hand, and pushing back her hair from her hot brow.

"Frank was so wretched, it was such a cruel fate, and his sister was dying, and I had been so much to blame in the past that——"

"There were many good reasons, no doubt," the young man interposed coldly—"good reasons for acting as you did; the only reason for not doing so was too trifling to be thought of. Your husband's wishes could not hold against——"

She raised her hand with a little deprecating gesture, so pitifully appealing in its intense timidity that it silenced him.

"Do you say so," she said piteously; "it is not so, Stephen. I did not disobey you until—until—I saw how wretched he was. It was so hard—oh, so hard!—to see him an outcast, and starving, when——"

"I know it was hard," he broke in bitterly—he had not left his seat, and was sitting looking up at her as she stood leaning heavily against the table—"but your faith in his innocence was so great, Sidney, as great as your faith in your husband was small."

She looked at him despairingly.

If her faith in his innocence were small, her love was so great that, guilty as she had deemed him, she had loved him through it all—through all her doubts he had been dearer to her than life itself.

"Do you remember that night of the ball?" she said, struggling with her emotion, and succeeding in attaining some degree of calmness.

"I saw you go together, you and Mrs. Rutledge; and you were away so long a time that I began to fear something terrible had happened. Frank met you——"

Stephen started and looked up quite sharply.

"He recognized me then?" he said hastily.

"Yes."

"Then, if he be not guilty, it is no wonder he thought me so," Stephen remarked, rising, and beginning to pace up and down the room. "If he be not guilty—— But I have never doubted his guilt until now."

"You doubt now?" she said eagerly.

"Your faith in him has infected me," he answered, with a slight bitter smile. "After all, it seems that there is as much proof of my guilt as of his.

"I too left the ball-room, and went to Rutledge, and I was absent some time: but I did not run away, Sidney," he went on, standing still and looking down at her keenly.

"Did the detective you employed suspect me?"

"I do not know," she answered tremulously, "I—think—he did."

"Then, when the papers state that the police are on the track of the murderer, it means that they are on mine?"

"I do not know, I do not know!" she cried out wildly. "I do not seem able to judge. The detective did——"

"It is imperative that I should understand clearly all that happened," he said, gently putting her into a chair and resuming his own seat. "Did the detective tell you what his suspicions were?"

"No," he answered more calmly than she had yet spoken. "But on the morning after the ball at Lambswold, when I went to meet him, I told him that I did not wish any further inquiries made, and he said that it was well, and that I might be sure that he would take no further steps, nor make use of any information he had obtained."

"Was that why you thought he suspected me?"

She hesitated a moment.

"No," she answered faintly; "it was because he seemed so sorry for me!"

"If it be possible, we must solve the mystery," Stephen said firmly. "Whatever the cost, it must be done! I can no longer lie under such a terrible suspicion. Ah, I know what you would say—that you believe me innocent now!

"But you have thought me guilty, and I will have my innocence made clear as the sun at noonday, Sidney," he added impressively. "If, in the future, sharper suffering even than in the past should be in store for you, do not blame me!"

"There could not be," she declared faintly. "There could not be," she repeated piteously in a moment; and, throwing up her hands, she covered her face, and tears came in plenty, tears which seemed to relieve the burning, aching, tortured brain.

"Could there not?" he said half incredulously. "Heaven knows your suffering has been great; but, if, in the future, Frank Greville's guilt should be proved, perhaps you will find that your cup of sorrow has not yet been drained to the dregs!"

She looked at him almost in surprise. Had not the supremest sorrow her heart could know been borne when she thought him guilty?

"But even now," he went on, his heart throbbing more quickly as he caught the expression and partly guessed its meaning, "I do not understand why you undertook such a journey alone, and in such health. It was most imprudent and very wrong of Dolly to allow it."

"Dolly did not know," she answered. "I came away this morning early. How could I stay," she added, raising her streaming eyes to his face, "when I thought that you——"

"Even now I do not quite understand," he answered. "Did you want to warn me of my danger and induce me to run away—like Greville did?"

"I thought you would come," she whispered faintly. "Stephen, I would have tried—I would have been so tender and—I would have tried so hard to make you happy."

"You would have tried, believing me a——"

"Do not say it—do not say it!" she cried, with sudden passion. "I cannot bear it, Stephen."

"It must be less terrible to hear it than to believe it," he answered, with a slight weariness in his voice and manner; "and, since you once believed it, I must even explain that night's proceedings to you, Sidney."

"Nay, I need no explanation," she said very earnestly. "Stephen, I am not mad now."

"But, in justice to myself, I must give you one," he replied calmly. "Even now it hurts me to tell you, Sidney, and, if I could I would spare you the pain of hearing what I have to say, since I must to a great degree destroy your faith in Frank Greville. On the afternoon of the day fixed for the Hunt ball," he went on gravely, "I learned that he had induced the unhappy woman who was the cause of so much misery to promise to fly from her husband and with him!"

"Ah!"

The little cry broke from Sidney's white lips sharply.

Had her husband looked at her, he would have seen that her tears were dried now, scorched by the sudden burning flush which rose over cheek and brow.

"She was not happy at Rutledge. Her husband was not kind or patient, and she found the wealth for which she had sold herself insufficient for happiness. It is no excuse for her, I daresay; but perhaps she loved Frank, and she yielded to his entreaties.

"That night when you saw us leave the ball-room together I was taking her to her carriage to go home to her husband, having with difficulty induced her to give up her mad project.

"Greville was furious, and, when I returned from seeing her to the carriage, he had left the hotel, and I could obtain no information as to his whereabouts.

"Fearing that he had followed Mrs. Rutledge, I followed on foot—I did not wish to arouse suspicion by getting a carriage—and, just as I was walking up the avenue to Rutledge Hall—it was snowing heavily—I saw Frank come towards me, ghastly pale and walking unsteadily.

"I waited to see if he had any intention of returning to the house; but, finding that he had not, I retraced my steps.

"Sidney, is it any wonder that on the following day, when I learned what had happened, I should conclude that it was he who was guilty? And his flight confirmed my suspicions—his flight and hers. I knew that they had made some arrangements to facilitate their departure, and I concluded they had gone together. Sidney, my one thought then was for you."

"Nay," she said faintly, "for her—since you too had loved her."

"Loved her!" he repeated, staring at her in surprise. "Loved Sloy! Rutledge?"

"Yes, did you not?" she whispered, shrinking from the angry passionate light which flashed from his dark eyes.

"If I had done so, I might have tried to win her," he said bitterly. "I would not have tried to degrade her to the lowest depths of misery, as he did."

"They did not go together," Sidney whispered tremulously.

"Did they not? It was not his fault then," was the bitter retort, which Stephen regretted as soon as it was spoken; but his heart was sore and heavy as he thought of Sidney's faith in Frank, who had been so false to his troth-plight with her, and of her lack of faith in him, her husband, who had loved her so truly and so well.

There was a long silence then in the stately library, with its carvings and richly-bound volumes and sombre Eastern-looking hangings.

The firelight no longer danced up gaily; the fire had burned into a glowing red mass which gave forth a steady warmth.

"What is the name of the detective who was sent you from Scotland Yard?" asked Stephen abruptly, taking out his pocket-book.

She hesitated slightly.

"Hopgood," she replied reluctantly.

"Thank you," Stephen said, writing it down.

"Stephen," she began breathlessly, "you are not—— Oh, Stephen!"

"I am going to telegraph for Mr. Hopgood in the morning," he answered calmly. "Nay, there is no use, Sidney; the mystery shall be cleared up, if possible, the innocent shall no longer suffer."

"But such mysteries are not always cleared up," she said feebly. "Oh, Stephen, I am afraid!"

"Of what?" he asked half bitterly, half sadly. "Nay, you do not know, nor I. But this must be inquired into, and I will have it done. It is no woman's work, Sidney, however devoted she may be.

"And you will see how lynx-eyed I can be now that my own safety is in danger. But it is very late, and you are worn out. I will send Mrs. James to you, since Bessie is not here, and you must try to rest well to-night. Good night."

So he left her, without another word or glance, without a kindly touch of the hand or one word of forgiveness; and the housekeeper, coming hurriedly into the library, was surprised and startled by her calm self-possessed young mistress's bursting into an hysterical passion of tears and clinging to her like a heart-broken child.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE next morning Sidney awoke with that reluctance and unwillingness which one so often feels when the day that has dawned is certain to bring no good thing.

She had slept heavily all through the night, partly from exhaustion perhaps; but her sleep had been dreamless and undisturbed.

Waking, she wondered at the strange heaviness which hung over her—for she was unused to such heavy slumber, and the sense of suffering and distress was generally present with her through the weary wakeful night-hours—and at first she was confused and bewildered.

As soon as her wistful eyes had looked once or twice round her room and she had discovered that she was in her own dainty luxurious apartment, she remembered all, the miserable vigil of the previous night, the dawn breaking over the wintry sea, the tedious waiting at the station, the hasty rush through the snow-covered country, the meeting with Stephen, and that look in his eyes as he had realized what her suspicions and her fears were—that look which she would never forget.

Long as her life might be, it would never leave her memory.

All came back to her, not little by little, but in one vast overwhelming flood, which made her cover her eyes with her hands to shut out the light of day, wishing she could hide from it forever.

She dressed herself languidly and slowly; the excitement which had buoyed her up on the previous day had all left her now but the long night's rest had refreshed and strengthened her.

Mrs. James, bringing in a little silver tray with Sidney's morning cup of tea, was surprised to find her standing by the window, looking out at the snow-covered grounds.

It was bitterly cold, but it was a clear sunshiny morning, and the frozen snow upon the boughs of the skeleton trees glittered like myriads of diamonds in the sunshine.

"Yes, I am much better," Sidney said, forcing a smile to her pale lips as she turned from the window.

"I am glad to be at home again," she added. "The journey seemed formidable, but I have survived it, you see, and I shall not undertake another yet awhile. Is Mr. Daunt at home?"

"Mr. Daunt has driven over to Ashford, ma'am," was the reply. "He wished me to say that he hoped to return early, and that you would rest this morning."

"I am quite rested," Sidney answered gently. "But I think I will be quiet this morning; and I will not receive any visitors to-day.

"Will you tell them so downstairs?" she added, as she put down the empty cup. "I am going to the boudoir to write some letters, and do not wish to be disturbed."

Entering her boudoir a few minutes later the sight of the pretty dainty room recalled to her so vividly the scene which had taken place there a few weeks previously that she was almost overpowered.

It was the first time since that night that she had entered it, and she turned faint as

the remembrance flashed across her mind.

It seemed to her excited fancy that the room was suddenly peopled again as it had been then—that Frank, in his strange disguise, was standing by the fire, his sister lying back pale and trembling in her seat; she even fancied that she saw herself in her long velvet gown clinging to the heavy portiere for support.

The impression was so vivid that she paused, trembling, and covering her eyes with her hands in absolute terror; then, as it passed away, she went forward very slowly and sank down in a low chair by the fire.

One by one the days came before her, all clear and distinct, save those few when she had been so unconscious of all suffering and trouble in her fever and delirium—that day when she had tried to run away, when she had met Stephen at Ling station, and he had frustrated her design, and the journey to Brighton, and the weary existence there, so full of dread, so restless, so full of ceaseless anxiety; that fiftth evening when Lloyd Milner had read the extract from *Our Mutual Friend*, and she saw the pain on Stephen's face as he listened, and heard the tone of his voice when he said that the love which could survive the knowledge of guilt must be "love indeed."

Henceforth, should her life be long or short, she must live it alone; her husband's love, for which she had craved with such an intense longing, would never be hers now.

He had loved her deeply and truly, had he not told her so on the previous night? But she herself had destroyed the love, killed it with her own hand, and it could never rise again—never.

The mid-day post brought Sidney a letter from Dolly, posted shortly after her own departure from Brighton, an affectionate chiding letter telling her how anxious they all would have been had it not been for the little note she had left, telling them that she had gone to Stephen, and scolding her tenderly for traveling alone in her delicate health.

"How she would hate me if she knew!" thought Sidney sorrowfully, folding up the letter with trembling fingers and looking into the fire with dry aching eyes, which seemed as if they had no more tears to shed.

Noon passed; Sidney made a feint of eating at luncheon, and then went back to her boudoir, waiting with ever-increasing anxiety for Stephen's return.

The day wore on; the sun sank to rest amidst glory of purple and crimson and gold; the short winter twilight came to an end, and evening set in; but Stephen had not yet returned.

Stephen did not come! What had happened? What terrible thing had come to him? Had he been arrested? Had they taken him to prison?

Ah, surely, if nothing terrible had come to him, he would have been home ere now! He would have known how anxious she was he would have spared her these long hours, he would come home!

At last she could bear the solitude and suspense no longer. She rang the bell, and waited impatiently for the appearance of the servant who answered it.

"Mr. Daunt has not yet returned?" she said, trying to speak calmly.

"No, ma'am."

"Have the evening papers come?"

"No—yes, ma'am," the man said, stammering a little and looking rather confused.

"Bring them to me," Sidney ordered quietly, subduing all signs of agitation; and the man disappeared rather more quickly than usual, as if he were relieved to be let off without questioning.

Sidney waited with outward quietness now, but with inward anxiety and trembling.

Something had happened, she had no doubt any longer, no doubt, only certainty, something which concerned her so palpably that even the household knew of it, had read it perhaps in the evening papers.

There was no need of much searching. The eager feverish eyes had gone down one page and had just begun to peruse another, when they caught sight of what they wanted to see, and a deadly faintness crept over her, her knees trembled, and she staggered as she stood.

The wax-lights burning softly in the Dresden china sconces were suddenly multiplied indefinitely, the pretty painted ceiling was coming down upon her, was she going to faint, to fall down in a swoon, and let the household find her, and make their comments and guess and explain the cause of it?

No, no, a hundred times no—she would not faint—and she tottered across the room, holding on to the furniture as she passed, until she reached the window; and then, with trembling, almost helpless hands, she tore aside the curtains and nervously groped at the fastening until she opened the window, letting in a rush of keen cold air.

Then she fell, her arms thrown out upon the sill, her white face turned towards the winter night, half unconscious, yet with no cessation of the keenness of her suffering; her bodily weakness had no narcotic to dull the dread sharpness of her pain.

By-and-by the bitter winter blast restored her to fuller consciousness: a long shudder shook her from head to foot; she strove to rise, but her strength was insufficient; and she sank back weak and helpless against the window-sill.

How long she remained there she never knew.

She was only conscious of intense suffering, of almost intolerable anguish, until the door opened and her husband came into the room.

For a minute he did not see her, lying as she was half concealed by the curtains; but, when he caught sight of her, an exclamation of pity broke from him, and he hurried across the room to her side, bending over her with a pitying compassionate look in his dark sorrowful eyes.

Partly raising herself from the ground, Sidney grasped his arm with her trembling hands.

"Is it true?" she gasped, in a faint hollow voice. "Is it true?"

"Yes," he answered gravely and sadly, "it is true. Greville is taken."

CHAPTER XXVI.

"I SEE no chance for him, sir, but one, and that is such an unlikely one that one cannot look for it with the least hope."

"And that is?"

"That the real culprit, if he or she is in existence, comes forward and makes a confession."

"No other chance?" Stephen Daunt asked, in a tone of intense pain. "Then it is hopeless. Where are we to find the real culprit?"

"Where indeed?" said Mr. Hogwood drily, with a keen glance at the grave, handsome worn face opposite to him, the face of the man whom in his heart he had believed guilty of the murder of Squire Rutledge until he had seen him, when his suspicions had been dispersed, as snow before the sun, at sight of the noble frank face.

For the detective, in common with many another student of humanity, had come to have faith in the old couplet which says—

"I trow that countenance cannot lie
Whose thoughts are legible in the eye."

Keen as his scrutiny of Stephen Daunt had been since he had arrived at Easthorpe on the morning of the day following that on which Frank Greville had been arrested, he had seen not the smallest indication of the guilt he had firmly believed in.

The telegram from Stephen Daunt had caused him considerable surprise, since the inquiries he had already made in the Rutledge mystery had led him to the conclusion that Stephen was guilty, and had escaped suspicion only through the belief in Frank Greville's guilt which was so general.

The interest Mrs. Daunt had aroused and the pity he felt for her position had made him drop the inquiry; but it was too fresh in his memory not to interest him greatly, and he would have been glad if he had felt at liberty to pursue the inquiry to the end.

Almost simultaneously with Hopgood's summons to Easthorpe came the news of Frank Greville's arrest, made just as he was on the point of embarking for Australia; and, as the detective traveled to Ashford by the night-mail, he felt that now something would surely come to light.

He had had too wide an experience in his profession not to know how often innocent men are convicted through an overwhelming tide of evidence, and Sidney's faith in Greville's innocence had infected him against his will.

Then the result of his own cautiously-made inquiries had been the suspicion of Stephen, a suspicion increased almost to a certainty by Sidney's evident belief in his guilt; and he felt pleasantly excited and interested as he sat with Stephen Daunt in his study talking over the arrest.

"The evidence against Mr. Greville is overwhelmingly strong," said the detective, after a pause, looking down at his note-book which lay open on the table before him. "As I said the chance of his acquittal is infinitesimal. Only the confession of the real murderer could clear him; and that we are not likely to obtain."

Stephen sighed heavily.

"I fear not," he said. "Your own suspicions point only one way, I suppose?" he added abruptly.

"They did point one way," was the quiet answer. "They point there no longer."

"You thought I was guilty?"

"Yes."

"So my wife told me. All this has been very hard for her," Stephen continued sorrowfully, "I would give all I am worth to save her any further distress and anxiety. But even to do that," he added with a little bitter laugh, "I can hardly confess to a crime I did not commit."

"If you did, I do not think it would better matters much," said the other coolly. "It would hardly relieve Mrs. Daunt's anxiety for you to take his place."

"Heaven knows!" Stephen said wearily. "I have lost all power of judgment, I think. What is to be done?"

There was a short silence.

Stephen sat leaning his head on his hand, thinking of the sad despairing face of his young wife in her dainty rooms upstairs, the lovely immobile face which had never changed from its anguish-stricken despair since he had found her lying prone on the floor of her boudoir on the previous evening; opposite to him the detective sat watching him keenly with his grave eyes, and glancing now and then at the copious notes in the little manuscript volume that he held.

"Will you allow me to speak plainly, Mr. Daunt?" he said, breaking the silence which had succeeded Stephen's despairing question.

"Speak plainly, by all means," Stephen answered hurriedly. "Tell me what you suspect. I am only too anxious for the fullest inquiry to be made into my actions at the time and since."

"And you will not resent any question I may put to you?"

"Certainly not."

There was another short silence, but briefer than the last.

"On the morning of my first interview with Mrs. Daunt I discovered that she was under the impression that you had a very special interest in Mrs. Rutledge, or rather, I should say, in the lady who became Mrs. Rutledge," said the detective.

"I was interested in her as any man would be in a woman of very unusual beauty who was an inmate of his father's house," Stephen remarked quietly. "Mrs. Daunt was entirely mistaken in her supposition."

"You had never made love to her?" interrogated Hopgood, with a slight smile.

"Never. As we are speaking frankly, and an absolute frankness and confidence are important, Mr. Hopgood," continued Stephen Daunt, looking at the detective with grave earnest eyes, and with a slight color rising in his face, "I will tell you that I have loved my wife since she was little more than a child, and that my allegiance to her has never swerved. I never for a moment wished to make any other woman my wife."

The faint dusky red which had crept into Stephen's face died away, and by the pallor which succeeded it the detective could see what it had cost him to speak of his love for his wife.

"That Mr. Frank Greville was very much in love with her was proved at the inquest" he resumed thoughtfully; "but, from all accounts he, was not a revengeful or vindictive man."

"Frank? No; he was the kindest-hearted fellow in the world!" Stephen said warmly. "There was no pleasanter companion or nicer fellow until he went mad with love for Sibyl Neil. That I firmly believed in his guilt is a fact I will not attempt to disguise from you," he continued.

"I thought, as all who knew him did, that he had done the deed accidentally, or at most in a mad impulse of passion, and had fled in terror, for he was a nervous, sensitive man, very prone to act on impulse; but the fact that he believed in it I do not doubt for a single moment."

"It was not to remove the guilt from himself then?"

"No. Of that I am perfectly sure," Daunt answered decidedly.

"In all my inquiry, which was a most careful one," continued the detective, after another slight pause, occupied by poring over his notes, "I could find no loophole for any other suspicion; I could discover no one who had the least grudge against Squire Rutledge but Mr. Greville and—and yourself, Mr. Daunt; and the suspicion against you arose solely from the idea that you had entertained an affection for his wife.

"But my experience has taught me that very often we have to look in the most unlikely places for the perpetrators of such a deed. At any rate, the affair is wrapped in mystery now, and we seem to have no present clue whatever to its solution. Of course, now that Mr. Greville is in custody, the matter will be thoroughly gone into, and other complications may and probably will arise."

"You think that I shall be suspected?" Stephen asked quietly.

"Not unless he accuses you," was the immediate answer; "and the evidence against him is so strong that any suspicion against you will not be entertained longer than a few moments.

"Of course, in these cases, even when a man has been convicted and has suffered the penalty of the law, there are always a few who are ready to take an opposite opinion to that generally received, and there may be one or two who will continue to suspect you.

"But that question need not trouble us yet," he continued thoughtfully. "It is Mr. Greville's innocence which we must seek to prove. Have you seen him since his arrest?"

"No. My father saw him for a few minutes yesterday. He finds him calm and resigned, less anxious about himself than about the effect his arrest will have on his sister and on—on my wife. His sister is very ill indeed, I fear, and Doctor Arnold gives little hope of her recovery."

"It is a wretched business altogether," said the other, in an irritated way, pushing away his chair from the table; "and for your sake and Mrs. Daunt's I heartily wish it were over.

"I assure you," he added, with a simple earnestness that was too unaffected not to be sincere, "that I sympathise with you most truly, Mr. Daunt, and wish with all my heart that I could see my way out of the fog."

"Thank you," Stephen answered gravely. "It is a painful matter, and one which I fear will give us yet more pain before it is over."

"The accused will be defended, of course, by counsel?"

"Oh, yes! My father will secure the best legal adviser possible for him. His own father, as perhaps you have heard, is convinced of his guilt, and will do nothing for him."

"Have you mentioned to Mr. Daunt the suspicion which may arise?"

"Yes, I told my father yesterday," Stephen answered frankly. "We have not mentioned it to my mother—there is no need, and she is not strong; and indeed, when I see how intensely my wife has suffered, it makes me dread beyond all things the effect upon my mother and sister."

A knock at the door made both men start and Stephen said, with some little irritation in his manner—

"Come in! Who is there?"

"If you please, sir," answered the footman, opening the door and appearing on the threshold, "Mr Milner has come, and——"

Stephen did not give him time to complete the sentence; he hurriedly left his seat, brushed by the servant, and the next moment was giving Lloyd a warm hearty welcome.

The young barrister looked worn and travel-stained; but that was easily explained, for he had travelled all night.

"How is Sidney?" was the first question.

"Not well, poor child," Stephen answered sadly. "We are in trouble here, Lloyd."

"I knew you must be," Lloyd said sympathetically. "So the poor fellow has been taken at last, recognised just as he was going on board! Hard lines, after such a long evasion! He still avers his innocence, I understand?"

"Yes. Would to Heaven we could prove it!" Stephen answered, in a dejected manner. "Come into my study, Lloyd—Hopgood the detective is there."

"Hopgood the detective!" Lloyd repeated, in a puzzled tone, as he followed Stephen into the room; and, as his keen gray eyes rested on the detective, he said, softly, in an undertone, "I see—Sidney's tailor!"—a remark which neither of the two men would have understood had either overheard it.

And then once more they plunged into discussions as to ways and means of proving Frank Greville's innocence; and, though the detective was at first somewhat inclined to ignore the young barrrister's suggestions as unworthy of the notice of a man so much better acquainted with legal matters as he thought himself to be, he soon found himself listening with some attention as Lloyd in a few clear sentences explained his view of the matter—one which they had not yet thought of, and the correctness of which only time can reveal.

The arrest of Frank Greville had rekindled the ashes of interest in the almost-forgotten Rutledge murder, and once more it was the principal topic of conversation in Ashford.

In the counting-houses, in the offices, in the works, at the breakfast-tables, and at afternoon tea the matter was discussed and reviewed from every stand-point.

Frank's arrest just as he was on the point of departure for a far-off land, where he might have lived in comparative safety and freedom, his ineffectual disguise, his calm and composed resignation, what he said and did not say, were all freely discussed in every circle, and a great deal of sympathy was expressed for the unhappy sister who had already suffered so much, and had so much more to suffer.

Perhaps Lawyer Greville himself was the only man who did not speak of his son's arrest and impending trial.

He went about his work with his usual stern composure, and only an added pallor to the stern grave face showed those who knew him well that he was cognisant of what was exciting so much interest around him.

Many were the additions made to the real facts of the matter; many were the romantic incidents which had their foundations only in some of the excited brains and heedless tongues; and in these Sidney Daunt—poor unhappy Sidney—played a prominent part.

People hinted at clandestine meetings between her and Frank, hinted even that she was about to share his flight when it was intercepted, hinted at a separation that would follow the trial, no matter what the result of the latter should be, *e'tutti quanti*.

Dolly had returned home from Brighton, and Agnes Burton had come to Easthorpe to stay with Sidney, who had grown dearly to love the tender-hearted gentle girl whose position as the eldest daughter in a large family had made her so much older than her years and so tender and thoughtful.

Her presence was a great comfort to Sidney, who was able to give her the entire confidence she felt bound to withhold from Dolly; and the unhappy young wife thought sometimes that the agony of tears which came to her relief when Agnes took her in her gentle arms and held her so closely and tenderly to her breast saved her from madness.

Frank Greville's trial was to be held at the Spring Assizes, which were to take place in March; so there were some weeks in which to prepare the defence and to suffer the anguish of suspense and misery.

To Frank himself, after his long wanderings, after being hunted and concealed and living in the fear of every man, it was almost pleasant to know that the uncertainty was over for the present, that almost the worst had come, and that he had nothing to do but await his trial and its result.

He was very patient and resigned, intensely anxious for his sister, fearful lest Sidney should be compromised by her generous help, and obstinately silent in his own defence.

Not one word as to his belief in Stephen's guilt ever passed his lips, and it was Stephen himself who imparted his suspicions to the solicitor entrusted with the defence. Eminent counsel had been engaged by John Daunt on Frank's side; but the accused himself was anxious to let things take their course.

"It will only make more misery," he said wearily, when John Daunt remonstrated with him. "I am inured to suffering, and poor Chrissie's, they tell me, will soon be over; let things be—it will be best!"

In after-years, looking back at that terrible time, Sidney Daunt wondered how she had lived through the suspense, the never-ceasing dread, the agony of uncertainty. It seemed to her that to endure what she endured she must be stronger than woman had ever been yet.

It takes so little to kill some people, she thought sometimes, so little—a fall, a pin-prick, and life is over; but some people

nothing can kill, and she was one of them, she would add bitterly.

She even grew somewhat stronger as the winter days sped by. She had no longer the excuse of invalidism for remaining in the solitude which was so pleasant to her in her misery.

She drove out with Agnes when the weather was fine enough—sometimes into Ashford, but not often.

People seemed to look at her curiously, she thought, and she felt that they were making comments as to the alteration in her appearance; and it was perhaps the knowledge that people would ascribe her illness to Frank's position which made her put such a restraint upon herself, and saved her from the collapse which follows a grief to which a person has yielded too much.

But she suffered greatly, suffered as none of those around her guessed, save perhaps her husband; and he ascribed her suffering to the wrong cause.

It was not Frank's danger which gave the keenest pang to her aching heart; it was the thought that by her base suspicion she had alienated for ever her husband's love.

For ever! Never again would the grave dark eyes she loved look upon her tenderly and with the love which she had once seen in them thrill her heart.

Never again would he take her in his arms and hold her to his breast.

Never again would they be anything more than strangers—strangers, they who were to pass the rest of their lives together, they who should have been so near and dear to each other, who might have been so had it not been for her folly and madness.

Ah, many a long weary night Sidney Daunt spent on her knees by her bedside, with her face hard pressed against the coverings to stifle the bursting sobs she could not repress, many a night she had heard every hour chimed forth while she was wrestling with her anguish, many a morning Agnes Burton, coming softly into her room at dawn, had found her chilled and utterly exhausted with the conflict, lying prone upon the floor!

Perhaps one of Sidney's greatest misfortunes at that time was her entire leisure; had she been obliged to work, half her suffering would have been drowned by the necessity.

But she had nothing to do; all her wants were supplied, all her wishes forestalled, nothing disturbed the ease of her luxurious idleness, nothing took her out of herself, there was nothing to take away her thoughts from Frank in prison and from Stephen's chill kindness of manner, always gentle, always compassionate, truly, but harder to bear in its gentleness, which was so icy cold, than any passionate reproaches would have been.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE night-express from Ashford up to London, on one cold blustering March night, carried with it, in a compartment of which he was the sole occupant, a tall grave-looking man in a long fur-lined coat, who leaned back in his corner with an expression of deep thought on his face.

Two hours before the evening mail had brought to Stephen Daunt, among other letters, a little note, two hasty lines written with trembling fingers, which seemed as if they could hardly guide the pen, and the words of the blotted scrawl were these—

"Come to me without delay. I am dying; there is no time to lose, and I have much to tell you."

The note was signed with one word—Sibyl—and it bore the address from which it had been written, an obscure street in an obscure part of Paris.

Stephen had lost no time in obeying the summons; a note to his father and a few lines to Sidney, who, with Agnes Burton, was spending a few days at Lambswold, were hastily written and despatched; and half and hour after the post had come in Stephen was driving swiftly through the blustering March night towards the station, and within an hour he was on his way to town.

Leaning back in the corner of the carriage as the train sped on, he had leisure to think as to what the summons might be.

For some weeks now Lloyd Milner and Hopgood had been prosecuting an active and eager search for the writer of that note; but they had grown to despair of the result.

So long a time had elapsed since she had fled from Rutledge Hall that their chance of finding her was a very small one.

She had left no trace behind of the route she had taken or whither she had fled, and the general opinion at the time had been that she had fled with Frank, a belief which had doubtless, facilitated their flight in a great degree, since every inquiry made had been made under its influence.

It was only Frank's assurance to Sidney that he had fled alone which had given them the first intimation that they had been deceived, and it was Lloyd Milner who had first decided that it was imperative, if impossible and at any cost, to discover Sibyl Rutledge's whereabouts.

And yet, keen as had been their search, bright as had been the intelligence brought to bear upon it, unsparing of money as the searchers had been, all had been in vain; and the very same post which had brought Sibyl's appeal had brought a deject epistle from Lloyd detailing their non-success.

More than once in the dimly-lighted solitude of the railway-carriage Stephen Daunt took from his pocket the crumpled blotted slip of paper, written so shakily that it was almost illegible.

To what bitter straits had the writer been brought? he wondered. How had she lived during those two long years and more?

What had she to say to him? What confession had she to make, so important that she could not die in peace until it was made?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Come, Sweetheart!"

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FOR LIFE AND LOVE," "PRINCESS CHARMIAN," "SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.—[CONTINUED.]

SHE looks at him gratefully. But she has more to tell him than this.

"Don't look so sober, my dear. Things might be worse. And after all, this is a very small corner of the world, and nobody outside it need ever know. What is this young Fetherstone like?"

"He is very handsome, and—and very good."

"Could one do anything for him, to push him on in any way, I mean?"

"I, I think not. Vere, I have more to tell you, I have been mad, foolish, wicked; but I am not going to add to my folly and wickedness by deceiving you.

"I can't help what you may think me—you cannot think worse of me than I do of myself; but I care for Hugh Fetherstone more than for any one else in the world—I can never be anything to him or he to me, but I really love him better than my life."

Lord Rushout stands still to stare at her.

She is holding out his ring to him, with a very white and determined look on her face.

"What am I to do with this, Miss Rosalind?"

"You can do what you like with it. But I dare not keep it, I dare not marry you, loving another man with my whole heart and soul."

He gives her one blank look, and turns on his heel.

Ten minutes later, he is being rowed out across the bright water to his yacht, and Miss Sandys is in the breakfast-room, telling her mother.

CHAPTER VI.

A SEPTEMBER afternoon, very still and dreamy, with a blue haze lingering in the woodland hollows, and a golden gleam of reaped harvest-fields and a bloom of purple heather over all the great solemn hills.

Miss Sandys is sitting at the open drawing-room window at Mourne, in her old listless attitude, her hands clasped idly in her lap.

It is only two months since we saw her last; but in those two months the girl's face has grown old and haggard, there are dark shadows under her eyes.

And yet there is nothing the matter with her, as she assures her mother every day over and over again.

She is able to take long walks with Gwen who is staying at Mourne, and long rides, for they have some horses now fit to ride and drive, and to play tennis—she never complains even of a headache, and yet all the pretty wild-rose color has left her cheeks.

The outlines of her face, though it is as sweet as ever, has grown very sharp and thin.

Nor is it that she is fretting because of her mother's displeasure.

Mrs. Sandys had been angry—furiously angry—when the engagement with Lord Rushout was broken off.

It was such a wretched thing to have happened—it would be such a nine-day's wonder among all their friends and acquaintances, such a slur upon Rosalind, no matter how it was glossed over—it is a slur upon any girl to have her marriage broken off after the trousseau has been bought and the very wedding-day fixed, no matter how the thing has been brought about.

And Rosalind had no time to lose, and they had spent a great deal of money in preparations for the wedding, and altogether it was a horrible misfortune to have happened, and it had quite knocked Mrs. Sandys up.

But she has recovered the blow, though she cannot yet make up her mind to face her London acquaintances, and she has long ago forgiven her daughter—in fact, her whole trouble now is the change in Rosalind's appearance—if she could see the girl looking like herself again she would not care about anything else very much.

But if she were to lose Rosalind! And the people are beginning to shake their heads over her, and to prophesy that she will lose her if she does not take her away from Mourne.

Gwendolyn is singing, and Rosalind is listening to the song in a vague, listless kind of way, with her blue eyes on the dark fir woods opposite and her golden head lying back against the low chintz chair.

She has sung "For Ever and For Ever," and "Won by a Rose," and half-a-dozen others, and Rosalind has listened, the refrain of one all the while ringing in her ears—

"O love, if you had loved me more
Or I could love you less!"

Another line echoes through her brain with dull monotonous iteration—

"Had I been free and thou been true?"

He may be true, she cannot tell, she has never spoken to him since that day when they had parted in the dewy twilight meadow, never even seen him, except once or twice in church.

The Brabazons have gone away from Monkswood, Hetty and her husband had left long ago, and she has had no opportunity of meeting him.

She feels sure that he would not have embraced such an opportunity had it presented itself, she would have avoided it herself, if possible.

She thinks he hates and despises her, she can see it in his cold averted looks in church in the icy bow with which he had passed her once or twice on the road, when they had both been on horseback, in the unsmiling look which he had given her one day when they met him going down through the village with his fishing-tackle on his shoulder, clad in the blue guernsey, a heroic figure, notwithstanding the rough fisherman's dress.

These few chance encounters had not added to Miss Sandys' hilarity, had not put any permanent color in her cheeks.

Gwen frets over her a good deal, guessing her secret.

Mrs. Sandys may or may not guess it also but she has never mentioned Hugh Fetherstone's name to her daughter since the day the Pilgrim had come to an anchor under the cliff.

"I will sing Hugh Fetherstone's favorite song now," Miss Haudcock says suddenly, turning over the music. "I say, Rosalind, why don't you ask him up here to play tennis sometimes?"

"I never see him," Miss Sandys answers, without moving her head.

"I'll ask him."

"He won't come."

"I don't know about that."

"We won't subject ourselves to a refusal," Rosalind says quietly. "What is the song?"

"As if you did not remember!" Gwen laughs, determined to enlarge upon the subject now that she has got the chance. "Why, he used to look at you all the time, Rosalind, while I sang this particular song!"

"How could you possibly know that?" smiling a little.

"Oh, I knew it—or I guessed it. Listen!

"'When we are parted, let me lie
In some far corner of thy heart,
Silent, and from the world apart,
Like a forgotten melody:
Forgotten by the world beside,
Cherished by one, and one alone,
For some bright memory of its own;
So let me in thy heart abide
When we are parted.

"'When we are parted, keep for me
The sacred stillness of the night;
That hour, sweet love, is mine by right.
Let others claim the day of thee—
The cold world sleeping at our feet,
My spirit shall discourse with thine
When stars upon thy pillow shine;
At thy heart's door I stand and beat,
Though we are parted.'

It is a pretty old-fashioned thing, isn't it?"

"It is pretty," Rosalind answers dreamily. The song reminds her of happy careless days at Monkswood, of tea-drinkings on the sun-scorched grass under the lime-trees, of gay chats in the conservatory.

And all the time she is wondering vaguely what the girl wants who is coming across the lawn, a girl dressed like a hay-maker, in green petticoat and little plaid shawl, with a red handkerchief tied over her head.

She comes straight to the window, catching sight of Rosalind.

"The mistress sent me to ax you to run down for a minute, miss, she's in great trouble entirely!"

"Who is the mistress?"

"Mrs. Fotherstone, beyant at the farm."

"What is the matter?" Rosalind asks, starting up with a great rush of color.

"I wasn't to tell you, miss, till you come, and faith I don't rightly know myself. Only the mistress is roaring and crying in the kitchen, and she sent me running for you, if you'd be so good as to come, she said. I think it is something about Mr. Hugh."

"He is not hurt, there has been no accident?"

"Oh, no, miss, t'aint anything o' that sort! He rode away this morning on business, but he's to be back to-night. And the mistress bid me ax you to hurry over, and sure 'twill be a charity to come, if you can pacify her, for she's breaking her heart."

Rosalind goes out into the hall without saying a word to Gwen.

If she has noticed the incident at all, she will think that the girl has come for honey for a sore throat or syrup for a very bad cough.

Mrs. Sandys is something of a doctor, and the poor in the neighborhood have great faith in her medicaments.

There is a hat hanging on a peg in the hall, and Rosalind puts it on very mechanically and goes out, following the messengers.

What misfortune can have happened at Meadowsweet?

And what put it into Mrs. Fetherstone's head to send for her? She has never been at the farm since the evening she told Hugh of her engagement, though she had been there more than once before that, she and Gwen Haudcock together.

She shrinks from meeting Hugh's mother almost as much as she shrinks from meeting Hugh himself, feeling that she must surely blame her for what had happened, for everybody says that Hugh Fetherstone is an altered man.

It must be something very serious. Hugh must have said or done something dreadful to cause his mother such uncontrollable grief.

Could it be possible that he had allowed himself to be dragged into some low connection, made reckless by her own cruel conduct?

Or could he have resorted to drink to drown his grief?

Rosalind shudders at the bare possibility, hurrying down through the wood and across the large meadow, green with aftermath, and through the white gate into the lane.

She is still some distance from the farmhouse when she hears the sound of lamentation, the kitchen door stands wide open into the yard, the hens cluck about the old barn, the cat blinks on the window-sill.

There is nothing but peace and sunshine, but in the shadowy parlor she finds Mrs. Fetherstone crying and sobbing and rocking herself to and fro, as if some one lay dead in the house.

"What is it?" Rosalind asks pitifully, her own lips trembling. "Tell me, what is the matter?"

"Oh, dear Miss Sandys, dear Miss Sandys forgive me for taking the liberty of sending for you. But my heart is broke entirely, and I knew you would be the one to help me if you could."

"Certainly I will," Rosalind says, holding the poor woman's hand in a very loving clasp, for is she not Hugh's mother? "But you must tell me what ails you first."

"It's all about Hugh. Oh, Miss Sandys, he's going to China, he told me so this morning, going straight back to China the day after to-morrow! And, if he does, I'll never see him again; he'll never come back! Oh, Miss Sandys, darling, don't let him go!"

"But how can I prevent him?" asks Rosalind forlornly.

"Oh, he'll mind what you say to him; you're his own cousin, and, the poor lad, he worships the very ground under your feet!

"And, any way, whether he heeds you or not, 'twas my last chance, and I took it. If he refuses you, nothing in this wide world will make him stay. And if he leaves me now, my heart will break!"

"If you think he would be influenced by anything I could say——"

"He will, he will! wouldn't look at him; but he loves you, I'm not going to blame you now for anything you did, though I did once, you couldn't help it maybe, with those blue eyes in your head.

"But you'll save him now, you'll speak a word to him, and tell him not to leave me, not to leave the farm! It's only a notion he's taken; and, if he was once persuaded out of it, maybe he'd settle down again; the poor lad can't give his mind to anything; it kills me to see him going about with that broken-hearted look on his face!

"But, if you said a kind word to him, it might bring him round again; and sure he's your own dear cousin, you called him your cousin one day here in this very room."

Miss Sandys does not deny it. And when she leaves the farm half an hour later, it is with an understanding that she is to speak to Hugh.

What she is to say to him exactly she knows not; but she is to speak to him, to persuade him out of his hasty resolve to leave the country, if she can.

She wonders if he will be persuaded by her, as she walks up the lane.

A few fallen leaves rustle crisply under her feet, the air is warm and bright and full of the smell of ripe corn and blackberries, the bronzed briars hang in festoons over her head, the hips and haws are reddening in the hedge.

She is thinking too deeply to notice them or even to hear the tread of a horse's feet coming up the lane, till he and the man, who has thrown his bridle over his arm, are so close to her that when she looks up, she finds herself face to face with Hugh Fetherstone.

He had seen her before; but the color has not died out of his face as she holds out her hand to him, with a grave steady smile.

"I have been at the farm," she says, in answer to his look of inquiry. "Your mother sent for me."

"Sent for you!" he repeats, with a shadow of annoyance in his gray eyes. "I am sorry she should trouble you with—with our affairs."

"I am sorry to think I cannot help her in her trouble," Miss Sandys answers, as he drops her hand like a thing he did not care to hold.

"She gives me credit for having some—some influence over you which I do not possess. I told her I was powerless; but still she made me promise to add my entreaties to hers that you would not rashly leave your home and your country for—for any imaginary trouble or—or disappointment.

"You are my cousin, and you were my friend once. And for the sake of that relationship and that friendship, I ask you now not to break your dear mother's heart."

"And how about my heart?" he exclaims roughly. "Am I to go on suffering tortures week after week and month after month?"

"Will you suffer less in China?"

"I shall not see you there?" he says, in the same almost savage way. "That is why

I am going—to be out of sight of your face!"

"That trouble can be remedied in a simpler way. My mother and I are going abroad next month, and until then I promise not to appear in public—not to vex you with my presence anywhere outside the gates of Mourne."

"You talk nonsense! As if that could make any difference to me! Your face is before me everywhere—you haunt me in the very woods and fields, down by the sea—up on the hills!

"It is the place I cannot stand—if you were abroad to-morrow—if you were at the other end of the world—I could see nothing but you here, whichever way I turned!"

"That feeling will wear away in time," she says gently, with her bright sorrowful smile. "After I am gone—a month or two—you will forget it all."

"Do you think so? I am not much like you!"

He is looking at her eagerly, his angry gray eyes tasting in every detail of her appearance—the pale cheeks, the shadowy eyes, the thin outline of brow and cheek and chin, the sad curve of the sweet lips.

"No," she answers with the same smile, "you are not like me. But then you have nothing to reproach yourself with, and I—have."

"You are not married yet. You were to be married in September!"

"I thought you might have heard. My marriage is broken off. But I must hurry home now, and I want you to promise me not to do anything rashly—you won't refuse to make such a small concession as that?"

"When was your marriage broken off?"

"Oh, a long, long time ago—in July! Will you promise?"—holding out her hand.

"Will I promise what?"

"Not to do anything rashly—not to take any desperate step that you might be sorry for—afterwards."

"If I had been rash, I should never have left this field alive the evening you threw me over."

"Let us forget that old story," she says shuddering. "It is all past and gone now, and, and I have suffered too."

"You!" he repeats scornfully. "You do not know what suffering means!"

"Do I not? Do you remember my hand? And look at it now!"

She holds it out, the transparent hand which he remembers so strong and plump and sunburnt; and from the hand he looks up to the girl's face.

The slow tears are gathering in her eyes—filling one by one down her faded cheeks.

"Rosalind!" he exclaims, flushing suddenly from brow to chin. "Oh, Rosalind, can it be, is it possible, that you care for me?"

She smiles at him through the tears in her eyes.

With passionate exclamation, Hugh Fetherstone takes her gently in his arms and kisses her trembling lips, for the first time.

"My darling, my darling! Oh, Rosalind, I have suffered, but I would go through it all again, for this!"

* * * * *

The old Castle at Mourne has never been "restored," it still hangs out ivy banners from its hoary battlements, the gold and silver lichens still lend the bloom of ages to its venerable stones.

But the cottage nestling under its wing has been made beautiful by climbing roses, a conservatory opens out of the pretty chintz-furnished drawing-room, the ragged hedge of privet and elder has been taken away, and nothing breaks the green sweep of the smooth turf but a maze of curious flower-beds, the dainty lawn and cottage look almost out of place among their surroundings of dense wood and wild purple heather mountain, but very picturesque, especially in summer, when the warm air is full of the perfume of the roses, and only the sound of the mountain-torrent breaks the serene stillness of the blue sky and the green lawn and woodland with their background of dreamy hills.

Mr. Fetherstone and his family live at Mourne Castle.

He holds Meadowsweet Farm in his own hands and makes a good income out of it, quite enough to enable him to keep up the old place in all its picturesque unproductiveness.

Old Mrs. Fetherstone lives in the farmhouse; but she sees her son every day and her daughter-in-law very often.

As for her grandchildren, they know no greater delight than a day spent at Meadowsweet, feeding the calves and lambs, making the hay, devouring grandmamma's red strawberries and cream or hot potato-cakes, according to the season of the year.

Hugh's mother and his wife are very firm friends.

It is not Rosalind's fault that all her visitors are not made acquainted with her mother-in-law, for, even if time had not mellowed what might be called vulgarity into a quaint originality which might easily pass for old-fashioned brusquerie, she never forgets that Mrs. Tom Fetherstone, nee Fury, is her husband's mother, and therefore entitled to all possible respect and consideration.

As for the children, it is a moot question whether they like "fat gran'ma" or "thin gran'ma" best.

Rosalind inclines to think "fat gran'ma" is the favorite, though Mrs. Sandys never comes to Mourne without a great box of toys which she has collected, during her yearly sojourns in Switzerland and Germany, for Master Hugh and Miss Eileen, and blue-eyed baby Bee.

[THE END.]

After the Lion.

BY E. F. SPENCER.

IN July, a few years ago, two fine lions made their appearance in a jungle, some twenty miles distance from the cantonment of Rajeeto, in the East Indies, where Captain Woodhouse, and his two friends, Lieutenants Dalamain and Lang were stationed.

An elephant was despatched to the place in the evening on which the information arrived; and on the morrow, at the break of day, the three gentlemen set off on horseback, full of glee, and elated with the hope of a speedy engagement.

On arriving at the edge of the jungle, people were ordered to ascend the neighboring trees, that they might be able to trace the route of the lions, in case they left the cover.

After beating about in the jungle for some time, the hunters started the two lordly strangers.

The officers fired immediately, and one of the lions fell, to rise no more. His companion broke cover, and took off across the country.

The officers now pursued him on horseback, as fast as the nature of the ground would allow, until they learned from the men who were stationed in the trees, and who held up flags by way of signal, that the lion had gone back into the thicket.

Upon this, the three officers returned to the edge of the jungle, and, having dismounted from their horses, they got upon the elephant; Captain Woodhouse placing himself in the hindermost seat.

They now proceeded towards the heart of the jungle, in the expectations of rousing the royal fugitive a second time. They found him standing under a large bush, with his face directly towards them.

The lion allowed them to approach within range of his spring, and then he made a sudden dart at the elephant, clung on his trunk with a tremendous roar, and wounding him just above the eye.

While he was in the act of doing this, the two lieutenants fired at him, but without success. The elephant now shook him off; but the fierce and sudden attack on the part of the lion seemed to have thrown him into the greatest consternation.

This was the first time he had ever come in contact with so formidable an animal; and much exertion was used before his riders succeeded in urging him on again in quest of the lion.

At last, he became somewhat more tractable; but, as he was advancing through the jungle, all of a sudden, the lion, which had lain concealed in the high grass, made at him with redoubled fury.

The officers now lost all hopes of keeping their elephant in order. He turned round abruptly, and was going away quite ungovernable, when the lion again sprang at him, seized his hind parts with his teeth, and hung on them, until the affrighted animal managed to shake him off by incessant kicking.

The lion retreated father into the thicket; Captain Woodhouse, in the meantime, firing a random shot at him, which proved of no avail; as the jolting of the elephant, and the uproar of the moment, prevented him from taking a steady aim.

No exertions on the part of the officers could now force the terrified elephant to face his fierce foe, and they found themselves reduced to the necessity of dismounting.

Determined, however, to come to still closer quarters with the formidable king of quadrupeds, Captain Woodhouse took the desperate resolution to proceed on foot in quest of him; and, after searching about for some time, he saw the lion indistinctly through the bushes, and discharged his rifle at him; but he was pretty well convinced that he had not hit him, for he saw the lion retire, with the utmost composure into the thicker parts of the brake.

The two lieutenants, who had remained at the outside of the jungle, joined their companion on hearing the report of his gun.

The weather was intolerably sultry. After vainly spending a considerable time in creeping through the grass and bushes, with the hope of discovering the place of the lion's retreat, they concluded that he had passed quite through the jungle, and gone off in an opposite direction.

Resolved not to let their game escape, the lieutenants returned to the elephant and immediately proceeded round the jungle, expecting to discover the route which they conjectured the lion had taken.

Captain Woodhouse, however, remained in the thicket, and, as he could discern the print of the animal's feet on the ground, he boldly resolved to follow up the track at all hazards.

The Indian game-finder, who continued with his commander, at last espied the lion in the cover, and pointed him out to the captain, who fired, but unfortunately missed his mark.

There was now no alternative left but to retreat and load his rifle. Having retired to a distance, he was joined by Lieutenant Dalamain, who had dismounted from his elephant on hearing the report of the gun.

This unexpected meeting increased the captain's hopes of ultimate success. He lost no time in pointing out to the lieutenant the place where he would probably find the lion, and said he would be up with him in a moment or two.

Lieutenant Dalamain, on going eight or ten paces down a sheep track, got a sight of the lion, and instantly discharged his rifle at him.

This irritated the mighty lord of the woods, and he rushed towards him, breaking through the bushes (to use the captain's own words) "in most magnificent style." Captain Woodhouse now found himself placed in an awkward situation.

He was aware that if he retraced his steps, in order to put himself in a better position for attack, he would just get to the point from which the lieutenant had fired, and to which the lion was making.

He instantly resolved to stand still, in the hopes that the lion would pass by, at a distance of four yards or so, without perceiving him, as the intervening cover was thick and strong.

In this, however, he was most unfortunately deceived, for the enraged lion saw him in passing, and flew at him with a dreadful roar.

In an instance, as though it had been done by a stroke of lightning, the rifle was broken and thrown out of the captain's hand, his left arm at the same moment, being seized by the claws, and his right by the teeth of his desperate antagonist.

While these two brave and sturdy combatants, "whose courage none could stain," were yet standing in mortal conflict, Lieutenant Delamain ran up, and discharged his piece full at the lion.

This caused the lion and the captain to come to the ground together, Lieutenant Dalamain hastened out of the jungle to reload his gun.

The lion now began to crunch the captain's arm; but as the brave fellow, notwithstanding the pain which this horrid process caused, had the cool determined resolution to lie still, the lordly savage let the arm drop out of his mouth, and quietly placed himself in a crouching position, with both his paws upon the thigh of the fallen foe.

While things were in this untoward situation, the captain unthinkingly, raised his hand to support his head, which had got placed ill at ease in the fall.

No sooner, however, had he moved it, than the lion seized the lacerated arm a second time, crunched it as before, and fractured the bone still higher up.

This additional *memento mori* from the lion was not lost upon Captain Woodhouse; it immediately put him in mind that he had committed an act of imprudence in stirring.

The motionless state in which he persevered after this broad hint showed that he had learned to profit by the painful lesson.

He now lay, bleeding and disabled, under the foot of a mighty and irritated enemy. Death was close upon him, armed with every terror calculated to appal the heart of a prostrate and defenceless man. Just as this world, with all its flitting honors, was on the point of vanishing for ever, he heard two faint reports of a gun, which he thought sounded from a distance; but he was totally at a lost to account for them.

He learned, after the affair was over, that the reports were caused by his friend at the outside of the jungle, who had flashed off some powder, in order to be quite sure that the nipples of his rifle were clean. The two lieutenants immediately hastened to his assistance, and he heard the welcome sound of feet approaching; but, unfortunately they were in a wrong direction, as the lion was betwixt them and him.

Aware that, if his friends fired, the balls would hit him, after they had passed through the lion's body, Captain Woodhouse quietly pronounced, in a low and subdued tone, "To the other side—to the other side!"

Hearing the voice, they looked in the direction whence it proceeded, and, to their horror saw their brave comrade in his utmost need.

Having made a circuit, they cautiously came up on the other side, and Lieutenant Dalamain, whose coolness in encounters with wild beasts had always been conspicuous, from a distance of about a dozen yards fired at the lion over the person of the prostrate warrior.

The lion merely quivered; his head dropped upon the ground, and in an instance he lay dead on his side, close to his intended victim.

THE USE OF PROVERBS.—The Chinese are indeed remarkably fond of proverbs. They not only employ them in conversation—and even to a greater degree than the Spaniards, who are noted among Europeans for the number and excellence of their proverbial sayings—but they have a practice of adorning their reception rooms with these sensations bits of wisdom inscribed on decorated scrolls or embroidered on rich crapes and brocades. They carve them on door-posts and pillars, and emblazon them on the walls and ceilings in gilt letters. In 1875, W. Scarborough published a collection of 2,720 Chinese proverbs; and these are but a small part of the great collections to be found in the "Jewelled Mirror for Illumining the Mind," "The Coral Forest of Ancient Matters," and other Chinese works. The following are a few specimens of this sort of literature. As a sneer at the use of unnecessary force to crush a contemptible enemy, they say: "He rides a fierce dog to catch a lame rabbit." Similar to this is another, "To use a battle-axe to cut off a hen's head." They say of wicked associates: "To cherish a bad man is like nourishing a tiger; if not well fed he will devour you." Here are several others mingling wit with wisdom: "To instigate a villain to do wrong is like teaching a monkey to climb trees; "To catch fish and throw away the net," which recalls our saying, "Using the cat's paw to pull the chestnuts out of the fire;" "To climb a tree to catch a fish," is to talk much to no purpose; "A superficial scholar is a sheep dressed in a tiger's skin."

Scientific and Useful.

THE CARPETS.—After the dust has been thoroughly beaten out of carpets and they are tacked down again they can be brightened very much by scattering corn meal mixed with coarse salt over them, and then sweeping it all off. Mix the salt and meal in equal proportions.

COMPOSITION STONE.—A composition of sand, cork and lime, moulded into blocks, says a foreign scientific journal, is now on trial in Germany for building partitions. It is said to have the advantage of excluding sounds better than brick, while being light and a good non-conductor.

WHITE BREAD.—From experiments made upon himself a French savant concludes that, contrary to the generally received opinion, whole meal bread, or that containing all the ingredients of the grain, is less wholesome and more indigestible than pure white bread made from the flour alone.

FIVE-YEAR CLOCK.—A new clock has been invented, and coming into use in Europe, which is warranted by its manufacturers to run for five years without either winding or regulation. The Belgian Government placed one in a railway station in 1881, sealed with the Government seal, and it has kept perfect time ever since.

LEAD.—Lead, according to some, should be banished entirely from the construction of pipes, cisterns or utensils in which water is to stand or circulate, as the water will otherwise not only take up particles of lead through mechanical action due to friction, but attack the metal because of the affinity of several of their constituents, the result being generally lead carbonate. Minute quantities of lead introduced into the system must rank among the factors of anæmia and defective nutrition.

PRODUCING RAIN.—Among the last inventions reported from Australia is a machine for producing rain storms. It is intended to force a rain supply from the clouds during a period of drought. The apparatus is in the form of a balloon with a charge of dynamite attached underneath it. The balloon is to be sent into the clouds and when there the dynamite is to be fired by a wire connecting it with the earth. A trial of this novel contrivance is to be given upon the dry districts of New South Wales, and the result is looked forward to with interest by some of the residents of that colony.

FOR THOSE AT SEA.—It has been suggested that the statue of Liberty, in New York Harbor, could be made useful as well as ornamental by putting in the torch an electric apparatus for projecting an intense cylindrical beam of light against the overhanging clouds, which would show the location of New York to vessels far out at sea. The apparatus, it is said, would not cost more than three thousand dollars and it is believed that the beam of light would produce a cloud illumination which would be visible from vessels at least sixty miles off shore. The light which it is proposed to put in the torch will be visible at a distance of about forty miles under favorable conditions, or from a little over twenty miles outside of Sandy Hook, and will be of very little practical use to navigators.

Farm and Garden.

CRIBBING CORN.—Corn that is to be cribbed should be thoroughly dry or free from swell. The crib floor should be several inches above the ground so that the corn may not be exposed to dampness or moisture. The crib should also be thoroughly cleaned out and well aired before storing the corn.

PLANTS.—Remedy for killing lice and bugs on plants: Mix one part of kerosene oil with five parts of sour milk, and if to be used on delicate plants increase the quantity of milk and sprinkle on the plants which it is desired to rid of bugs. The milk holds the kerosene, which is the destructive principle, in solution. This mixture is said to be certain death to cabbage worms, squash beetles, grape beetles, and in fact all kinds of insect life that destroys plants. It is said to have no injurious effects on plants.

TRIAL OF IMPLEMENTS.—The Farmers' Club of Elmira, N. Y., has adopted the excellent plan of an occasional implement trial, where the farmers can spend a day or two near home and see all sorts of farm implements in practical use as observed by skilful men. It leads to the use of a great many more improved implements and machinery, and to quite an extent guards the farmer against the purchase of those not suited to his wants. The manufacture of good implements have nothing to fear from such trials, and if there are makers of worthless ones deserve exposure.

WOOD ASHES.—Wood ashes represent all the mineral elements of vegetable growth, and contain everything the farmer must give his crops except combined nitrogen. Wood ashes will vary in composition and value with the kinds of wood and the part of the tree. I will take the ash of the body-wood of the beech tree as representing the average of wood ashes. A ton of such ashes contains 320 pounds of potash, worth $16, and 165 pounds of phosphoric acid (insoluble), worth $5.25. Omitting all the other ash constituents, which have some value of themselves, the potash and phosphoric acid of a ton of such ashes are worth $21.25, or nearly six times the value of a ton of fresh horse manure.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-FOURTH YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, NOV. 29, 1884.

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THE SEAMY SIDE.

There is many a glossy, well-shaped, handsome garment which, if the seamy side were exposed to the light of day, would present a very different appearance.

And so, if those virtues which adorn, or ought to adorn, our inner man were turned inside out, a good deal might come to be known that now lies concealed. Indeed, some things might be dragged into the light of day that even we ourselves had no suspicion of.

Many a man has prided himself on having at least one favorite virtue—he might be this, that, or the other, to be sure, but at least he was truthful, or a brave fellow, or honest, or no prodigal, as the case might be—when in sober earnest, if that sole garment of his on which he relied had only been turned inside out for five minutes, he would have been surprised how close a resemblance it bore to a vice.

In fact, any good habit, if carried too far, results, if not in a vice, at least in a disagreeable blemish. Thrift, for example, is no doubt a most useful and praiseworthy habit; but let a man only strive too hard after it, to the neglect of other parts of his moral nature, and he will find that the road from thrift to penuriousness is not very long, and the path from penuriousness to miserliness shorter still.

It is difficult, no doubt, to see the necessity of carefulness in money matters; to attend to the saving of dollars and half-dollars, perhaps even five-cent pieces and pennies; to be mindful of candle ends and small quantities of food, without getting to like saving in a small way for its own sake. And when saving gets to be enjoyed, that is a sign it is leading us too far.

Even a fortune is dearly bought at the cost of sacrificing all generous impulses, of forgetting the rites of hospitality, or drying up the fountain of human kindness within our breast—of, in one word, becoming a miser.

There is comfort, no doubt, in having something laid by for a "rainy day." To be a little in advance of the world is only prudent, and the contemplation of a respectable figure on the credit side of one's bank book gives some solid satisfaction; but this pleasure, like all others, is apt to grow upon one.

We are apt to forget, in the enjoyment of it that, after all, money is only a means to an end—that he who does not know how to spend his wealth wisely might just as well, if not better, be without it.

Thrift, in fact, is a good horse. If some folks would only saddle and ride him, they might jog on comfortably, instead of bearing about with them continually the heavy burdens of anxiety and debt. But he does not bear to be over-ridden; and there is a point beyond which he does not intend to carry us. When the daylight fades, his work is done.

SANCTUM CHAT.

A MAN has actually been sent to prison in Nova Scotia, for three months, for telling an untruth in a horse trade.

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A TAX on bachelors will be pressed for in the next French budget, the preamble setting forth: "Considering the growing decrease in the population of France, it has become necessary to impose a tax on all single persons over — years of age of the male sex."

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SCIENTIFIC men say that British heads are growing smaller, and it is argued from the fact that the people are physically deteriorating. The mode of life in cities is regarded as one of the great evils of civilization, and there is an urgent call for increasing open air, recreation and exercise.

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THEORIES of sanitary science seem to be defied by people living in Howdon, Eng., a wretched village on the river Tyne, made up largely of houses condemned as unfit for human habitation, yet the fact is noted that a boy was born the other day, who had four grand parents and five great-grand parents alive, each of whom was in active work, earning his or her own livelihood.

—

A GAME of chess, in which living figures will be used, is being arranged for in Milwaukee. The various figures will be represented by ladies and gentlemen, each attired in gorgeous and appropriate costumes. The bishops will be dressed in handsome clerical robes, while the knights will be clad in glittering armor. The pawns will be represented by handsome young ladies, and the kings and queens will be arrayed in the resplendent garb of royalty.

—

SUNDAY, theatricals are tolerated by law in five of the principal cities in the United States. They are San Francisco, Cincinnati, St. Louis, New Orleans, and Chicago, to say nothing of museums, panoramas, concert halls, and other resorts. If there is any difference to be found in them on Sunday nights it is that the lights are brighter and the fun more uproarious. It is the custom to give during the week eight performances, and with Sunday night it runs up to nine. In some theatres a matinee is given on Sunday afternoon.

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A COMMITTEE has been formed in Switzerland with a view of erecting what is called a "universal column." It is to measure 300 feet in height, and is to contain in its interior relief portraits of all the celebrated men and women of the present era on bronze tablets. Another project of the committee is the building of a "museum of the nineteenth century," to be dedicated to art, science, inventions, commerce, and industry, and to contain the busts and statues of all distinguished persons of the domains. The cost is estimated at from seven to eight million francs, and is to be met by subscription, lotteries, etc.

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ONE of the most distinguished naturalists in Holland has been investigating the origin of the masses of gum collecting on the limbs of certain kinds of trees, especially plum, apricot and others bearing stone fruits. He finds that the exudation is due to a disease produced by the presence of parasitic fungi, and when healthy trees are inoculated with the gum thus produced they speedily contract the disorder, which is highly contagious. The disease is disseminated by the drying of the gum by oxidation and its circulation in the wind, which thus wafts the germs for many rods, so that one diseased tree may very soon infect a whole plantation.

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TRUE freedom demands stern self-discipline, and in nothing so much as in finding and keeping our right places and doing our right work. It was once said of an ambitious man who had left a good trade to study divinity, that he had spoiled an excellent shoemaker to make a poor preacher; and this kind of work is constantly going on in various directions. Youths who might have made their mark as masons, carpenters, or machinists, sink into utter insignificance as pettifogging lawyers, incompetent physicians, or inferior tradesmen. The man who had it in him to become a scientific farmer, turns himself into a third-rate bookkeeper, and the other, who might have worked his way up to the head of a large manufactory, struggles with poverty in an attic, writing what no one cares to read.

—

FORTY FIVE years ago the Brittania was considered a remarkable ship. She was 207 feet long and her tonnage 1155. The new Cunard vessel, the Etruria, is 520 feet long, and her tonnage nearly 8000. The Brittania had engines of 850 horse power; the horse-power of the Etruria is 14,000! The Brittania carried 220 tons of cargo and 120 passengers; the Etruria is to carry 500 tons of cargo and 1500 passengers. The Brittania carried 500 tons of coal, and her speed was 8½ knots an hour. The Etruria is to carry 2500 tons, and is expected to make 19 knots an hour. Five years ago the Arizona made the passage in the then extraordinarily fast time of seven days and seven hours. The builder of the Etruria is sure that she will do it in twenty-four hours' less time, and he thinks that in another five years ships will be built to make the passage in one day less than that.

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A SUGGESTION has just been made for the introduction of camels into the south of England as beasts of burden for farmers and others. For a number of years they have been in use in Australia, and their docility and endurance in that country are highly praised. Laden separately, they take about 700 weight each, but in a team they are able to draw as much as a ton apiece. By the Australian squatters they are extensively employed, and in districts where water is scarce they are almost invaluable. The price of a young camel is from $250 to $350, and this sum is not deemed high by the inhabitants of the antipodes. The chief objection to their introduction into England is that the country is too wet, and camels never get along well on wet ground. After rain they are liable to slip, and become useless. Horses are much terrified by their appearance.

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VEGETARIANS assert that animal food is not necessary to sustain human life. Perhaps not in tropical countries, but in the arctic regions where vegetables are not producible to any extent, the inhabitants are compelled to consume large quantities of oily matter and animal food, in order to generate heat enough to sustain life. A new refinement in vegetarianism has been devised. At a recent vegetarian banquet in England, after the usual amount of disteusive food had been consumed, a malcontent had the courage to observe that "if we left off rearing animals for food, it would interfere with clothes." He was, however, instantly confuted, in the most practical manner, by a true vegetarian, who arose and asserted that he was completely dressed in materials which had involved no blood-guiltiness whatever. A cotton-velveteen vest, a dark linen vest, corduroy trousers, and lawn-tennis shoes constituted the array of this animals' friend. He also committed himself to the statement that he had never tasted animal food in his life.

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SOME new features are to be introduced into the forthcoming Lord Mayor's show in London. There will be a number of knights in armor, William the Conqueror on horseback in armor, Richard I., attended by several mounted knights dressed as Crusaders; a car, on which will be depicted as a tableau Lord Mayor Walworth standing over the body of Wat Tyler, whom he had just slain, in defending the King; a car drawn by twelve ponies, with a lad representing Dick Whittington at Highgate listening to Bow Bells; Sir Walter Raleigh and knights bearing the banner, "Queen Elizabeth on a charger at Tilbury Fort, 1588," and more knights carrying the banner, "The citizens of London sent 40 ships and 10,000 men to repel the Spanish Armada." An equestrienne representing Queen Elizabeth will succeed these banners. Representatives connected with Egypt and India will also form part of the show—such as sailors with a Nile boat, a herd of camels with Soudanese attendants, ridden by men in costume representing the British army in Egypt, and several elephants with rajahs in howdahs. The armor and costumes will, it is stated, be copied from ancient engravings in the possession of the city of London.

—

A PROMINENT English statesman thus concluded an address delivered to the Social Science Congress in Birmingham: With respect to strikes, I have always maintained the right of workingmen to strike. I have aided in the repeal of laws which prevented them, but it is a weapon which should only be used in the very last extreme, just like war between nations, after every other means have been exhausted. I have twice acted myself as arbitrator between many thousands of workmen in the North and their employers, with the happiest results, and I commend this course most earnestly to workingmen. I have gone briefly through the various classes of idle people, voluntary or involuntary. A large number of the papers before our Congress have dealt with these subjects. They have made many suggestions for improving the condition of the classes I refer to, or reducing their numbers, either by amending the law or by improving administration; but let me ask you not to believe that legislation or law is capable of everything, or can remove all the evils we complain of. Law is but one expression of public opinion, and one of the means it has of effecting its purpose. There are many other ways in which you can act. What a reformer has first to do is to convert public opinion. With it he can do much; without it he can do little, even if he changes the law. But, above all, the best hope we have of effecting improvement is by operating on the minds of the people themselves, and especially on those of the rising generation. Law cannot alter the nature of man when it is once formed. With a good and sound nature a little law will suffice.

TELL ME.

BY T. O.

Tell me, darling, can you never
Trust me with your love again?
Can you never more forgive me?
Are my pleadings all in vain?
I have wronged you, but sincerely
Ask you for that love once more;
I would prize it, aye, more dearly
Than love e'er was prized before.

Meet me with that fond caressing,
Sing the same sweet melody,
That you sang when we were roving
Through the wild woods gay and free.
Do not scorn a heart that loves you,
One that only beats for thee,
Do not cast away affection
That would true and faithful be.

Let the faith which I have broken,
And the vows I've kept amiss,
Solemnly again be spoken,
Sealed securely with a kiss.
Never more will I offend you,
Grief shall fill thy heart no more,
I will cherish and defend you
Till life's path on earth is o'er.

Learning a Lesson.

BY E. F. SPENCER.

IT was only a picture—nothing more than the painted portrait of a beautiful young girl that I had seen in Winfield's studio when I had come in two days before for an hour of quiet thought, for I had an important case in hand, which I felt it would require all my efforts to gain, and I had resolutely determined to win.

I could never mature my plans so well as when I gave them an hour's meditation in the studio of my friend.

I had only been in practice about two years, but had during that interval acquired a fair reputation. Indeed, were I not a modest man, I might say I was fast becoming famous.

Yes, it was only this one picture which had so enraptured me. But it was enough to drive sleep from my eyes and almost the thought of the importance of the case in hand.

I could not rest. I had not rested for the two preceding nights. And this morning as I entered my office and seated myself at my desk, I heartily wished that the legal profession had not been my choice.

What would I not have given to have known the original of that picture? her name even. But I would not ask my friend just then, for I know that I could not do so without betraying the interest I felt; and Winfield would be sure to laugh at me, and I have a horror of being laughed at, even by a friend.

At length I took my way to my lonely office, and seated myself for business.

Collecting my scattered thoughts, and resolutely shutting out from my mental vision the beautiful portrait which had haunted me, I commenced my brief.

I had hardly gone so far as to write the name of my clients (Allenston Wentworth) and the crime of which he stood accused (robbing the Hillsdale Bank), when suddenly a rap at the door startled me, and in answer to my somewhat peevish "Come in!" the door swung slowly back and a lady stood before me.

Wonder of wonders! What was it that met my gaze? Was it a vision of my distorted brain?

Surely not, for it spoke.

The beautiful lips parted, and that low, musical, but sad tone, I shall never forget; nor those large, lustrous eyes, of azure hue, with their drooping silken fringes, nor the slight pink blush which, for a moment, swept over the otherwise pale face, and then settled in one tiny spot upon either cheek.

I was spell-bound. I could neither speak nor move. My heart stopped beating, and I gazed—yes, gazed straight into the very depths of those liquid orbs, for it was the original of the picture which for the past two days had nearly driven me mad, that stood before me.

"Mr. Cleighorn?" she quietly asked, at length.

"At your service, madam," I managed to stammer. "Pray be seated," I added, handing a chair.

"You, sir, are retained to defend Allenston Wentworth, are you not?" she asked, inquiringly.

"Yes, I have that honor, madam," I returned.

"Well, sir, I wish to put you in possession of a few facts."

"Proceed, madam; I am all attention," I said.

"I must commence by telling you that I am the daughter of Morton Rushton, Esq., one of the directors and heaviest stockholders of the Hillsdale Bank.

"Allenston Wentworth was, as you have doubtless been apprised, a clerk in the bank. He is innocent of this great charge against him. He is also poor. But work for him as though he were rich, and I shall pay you well."

I fully assured her that I would defend him to the best of my ability, though I were not to receive a single penny for my services.

"Thanks, sir. You are also probably aware that Melville Thornton, the individual who made this charge against the prisoner, is paying teller, and a son of one of its wealthy directors."

I assented.

"Thornton and Wentworth have both been paying their addresses to my younger sister, Lilly. My sister gave her preference to Wentworth, my father favored Thornton, and finally Wentworth was refused the house, but Thornton still continued his visits.

"Neither my sister nor myself would entertain the latter, after the former was excluded. This annoyed my father exceedingly, for he is a stern, unyielding man, though generous to a fault with his daughters so long as they prove obedient to his iron will.

"When we refused to entertain Thornton he told us that should we marry against his desire or beneath us, as he termed it—in fact, meaning should we marry poor—he should immediately disinherit us, and leave his wealth to a distant relative.

"My sister grieved, my mother implored, and I denounced it as cruel and unjust. My sister was fast sinking, as we all thought into a premature grave. This nearly crazed me.

"My mother has an only sister residing a short distance from the city, and as a last resort I wrote to her, stating the case in full, and begged her if she valued my sister's life, to allow us to arrange a plan of meeting Wentworth at her house.

"She complied, and Mr. Wentworth visited her at my aunt's house on the very night upon which the bank was robbed. This fact, of course, establishes a complete alibi, but you will readily understand how impossible it is that we should be called as witnesses. I therefore desire to know if you cannot establish his innocence in some other way?"

"Miss Rushton," I said, "the circumstantial evidence is very strong against him, as you are aware, doubtless, that the money was found in his room, secreted in the mattress."

"True, I admit. But I firmly believe that it was placed there through the agency of Thornton."

"I am sure of it," I replied, "and it is just possible that I may succeed in making that fact apparent."

After some further conversation, it was arranged between us that she should call again on the following day, and, with many thanks, she took her leave.

I repaired at once to the house at which Wentworth had boarded, and there learned that on the night of the robbery a gentleman had called to see Wentworth, and had been sent up to his room, the landlady not knowing whether the young man was in or not.

She could not describe the caller accurately, for the reason that he wore his coat collar up, and had his hat pulled closely over his eyes.

A button was off his coat, however, which opened slightly at the breast, and through the opening she caught the brilliant glimmer of a diamond.

Here was a clue, for I knew that Thornton wore a set of diamond studs.

Thanking my informant for the information given, I took my leave, and, as I was going down the steps, my eye caught the brilliant glimmer of something at the bottom of the stoop, and, picking it up, to my great surprise, it proved to be a diamond stud.

Upon examining the gem by the light of the street lamp, I detected the initials "M. T." on the back of it. Retributive justice had favored me and trapped the villain. I knew my case was gained.

My brief was soon finished now with complete satisfaction to myself, and my next step was to write to Mrs. Manchester (the aunt of the Misses Rushtons) requesting her to be in town on the day of the trial, and acquaint me of her whereabouts, that I might call for if I deemed it necessary. And on the day preceding that of the trial I had a note from her stating that she could be found at the house of her sister, Mrs. Rushton, and promised to aid as much as possible.

The day of the trial at last arrived. The court-room was filled with the elite of the city, for the case was one of universal interest.

The first witness for the prosecution called was Melville Thornton, who testified to having seen Allenston Wentworth (not knowing that the gentleman was out of town) skulking near the bank between eight and nine in the evening on the night of the robbery, as he happened to be passing, on his way to visit a friend, and that as he came near, he hid in the doorway of a building close to the bank.

Also, that he had surprised him several times of late when in close proximity to one of the safes.

The next witness was the servant girl at Wentworth's boarding-house, whose testimony the reader is already acquainted with.

Several other witnesses were called on both sides, but nothing of importance was elicited.

The judge now addressed me thus:

"Mr. Cleighorn, have you any other witnesses for the defense?"

"I have, your honor, one other whom I expect immediately."

Just then the door swung open and Mrs. Manchester, escorted by my clerk, walked in.

"I am ready to proceed; my witness is here," I said.

Mrs. Manchester testified to the presence of the prisoner at her house, in the town of R., on the Thursday evening on which the bank was robbed, and that he remained all night, and returned to the city on the eight o'clock train the next morning.

I then requested to be allowed to ask Mr. Thornton a few questions, which request was granted.

"You will oblige me, Mr. Thornton," I asked, "by telling me when you first missed the mate to that diamond stud which looks so lonely in your shirt front?"

"I cannot tell you; I do not remember exactly," he stammered out, turning deathly pale.

"Do you think you had it when you called at Mr. Wentworth's boarding-house on the night of the robbery? or did you lose it before you called there?"

"I had—I think—I did not call there," he stammered.

"Officer," I said, turning to my assistant, "take this stud and see if it will match Mr. Thornton's lonely one. If so, collect the reward offered for its recovery, and give it to him."

The villain's eyes seemed starting from their very sockets as the officer held the gem beside its fellow. It was, of course, an exact similie.

I then began to relate how and where I had found it.

The prisoner was immediately discharged, and shout after shout rung through the court-room, and many were the hands that clasped warmly that of the prisoner, and Allenston Wentworth went forth from the court-house leaning upon the arm of Morton Rushton, that gentleman taking him to his own home.

"Where is Lilly?" he cried, as he entered the hall-door. "Lilly," he repeated; "I want Lilly."

Something in the tone of her father reassured Lilly, who came bounding down the stairs.

"Here I am, papa."

"Come, darling, and give papa a kiss," he said.

Poor Lilly could not suppress the cry of surprise that rose to her lips, as she saw Allenston Wentworth standing by her father's side.

Mr. Rushton clasped his daughter for a moment to his breast, and tears filled his eyes, as he said:

"Here, Allenston, take her. You deserve just such a little wife as Lilly will make."

And Allenston Wentworth pressed a warm and loving kiss upon his affianced, and murmured:

"God is good."

"There, go now to the parlor, children," said Mr. Rushton, in a husky voice, "for I have something else to do besides watching a pair of foolish lovers."

Melville Thornton was tried in a few days, found guilty, and sent to prison for ten years.

I was greatly astonished an hour after returning from the court-room on the day of Wentworth's trial, as I sat in my office, musing over the exciting events of the past few days, to receive a visit from Mr. Morton Rushton, who grasped me warmly by the hand, thanking me over and over for having brought the true criminal to justice, and wanting me to dine with his family that night, an invitation which I was not inclined to refuse.

Six months after I asked the hand of Helen in marriage, and was readily accepted by both father and daughter.

Morton Rushton had learned a lesson which he never forgot. He had learned the true estimate of virtue.

Dream and Reality.

BY MAGGIE BROWNE.

THEY stood "knee-deep in clover," in the gloaming of a summer night, and leaned upon the fence which separated one field from another, his arm caressingly placed about her waist, her head resting on his shoulder, while her adoring eyes devoured his handsome face.

Never since Eve first opening her new-created eyes, looked upon Adam and found him fair, was any girl more absolutely in love with a man than was Marguerite Melville with Albert Lancaster.

She loved him till her every thought was twined about him—till her whole life seemed to be only in the hours when he was with her—till the very pulses of her being seemed to beat only to the music of his voice.

He thought she was a dear, delicious little girl, as he had often told her, "good enough to eat," and at times he even had a dim suspicion that she would make a more agreeable companion on the journey of life than the stately Miss Josephine Hastings to whom he was engaged to be married.

"But a farmer's daughter. Pshaw! of course it wouldn't do."

And the subject was dismissed from the fine gentleman's mind for more congenial and important themes.

Although "only a farmer's daughter," no girl was more thoroughly a lady, and very few ladies were more accomplished or half so well read as Marguerite.

She was an only daughter and a spoiled child, and as she had always been rather delicate, and her father was a prosperous man, nothing had ever been required of her except to devote herself to the studies she loved.

Her heart was full of tender passion, and when Albert Lancaster, pale from recent illness, came to the house of a neighbor of hers for the sake of fresh air and country fare, he seemed to her the realization of all her girlish dreams, and of all the unspoken fervent aspirations of her soul.

She loved him from the first moment he looked into her eyes, and held her enthralled with his glance; and she never doubted for one instant but he loved her as well.

Whether he would marry her or not, was a thought that never entered her mind; he was the one man in the world to her, and from the moment she loved him, and heard him whisper soft and low that he loved her, Marguerite regarded herself as his betrothed and, of course, she thought he felt the same towards her.

Many a wise head was shaken over Maggie Melville's infatuation, and many feminine tongues wagged loudly, and hoped she would not have to repent at leisure for the haste she was making to throw herself at the man's head; for Maggie was a lovely girl, and much too superior to her general surroundings not to have roused more spite and envy than admiration and love.

But one loyal heart was sore with great sorrow, and watched the lovers with such true and unselfish faith, that he would have been willing to lie down and die, with his own heart crushed to death, if only he could feel sure of Maggie's happiness and safety.

William Moulton loved Marguerite, almost as she loved the fine gentleman; and judging by his own heart, something whispered to him that Lancaster never thought of Maggie as his wife, but was only enjoying the pastime of a flirtation.

He dared not say one word of this to Maggie, though; and he could but watch, in his unobtrusive way, over her safety, and be ready with help and sympathy if it should be required.

And now the summer was gone.

The long, lingering shadows of the cold afternoon sunshine showed that autumn was come, and whispers were floating about that Lancaster was going away on the next day, but not a word of his marriage with Maggie—no far-off sound of wedding bells.

As Moulton went homeward that next afternoon, he met Lancaster and Marguerite; they were talking softly to each other, and as he passed, the gentleman looked at him and nodded, and Maggie gave him a shy, sweet smile.

"Why, he is going this evening—he is on the way to the train now," thought Willy. "Surely he cannot have told her yet that he is going away. She looked so happy."

Involuntarily he turned and looked after them.

They had reached the edge of a wood that bordered the road on one side, by which Lancaster must go to reach the train.

The station was not in sight, for the road dipped at a little distance; then rose again, and further on the railway ran for a short distance through the valley.

As William looked he saw that Lancaster stopped at the edge of the wood, and turning to Marguerite, took her hand.

"He is going to tell her now," thought the poor fellow.

And his heart was wrenched with pain for what he knew she would suffer.

But he turned away, and almost ran onwards.

Not for the whole world would Moulton have played the spy on the sad parting.

"And now, my little Maggie, we must say good-bye," began Lancaster.

Marguerite looked up with a face of blank amazement.

"What do you mean, dear Albert?" was all she said.

"That the time has come for us to part, my darling. It's a dreadful bore, but things always go that way just when people are very happy together, and would like the present moment to last for ever."

Marguerite grew dizzy and seemed to stumble.

She put out her hand as if to steady herself, and her foot struck a fallen tree.

She sat down slowly like a person groping in the dark, and though she knew that Lancaster sat down beside her, she could scarcely see him through the mist that seemed gathering in her eyes.

The man felt awkward and uncomfortable, as such men sometimes do.

He felt the scene was becoming unpleasant, and he must cut it short.

"Why, you knew I must go some time, Maggie dear. You did not think I could remain here, always?"

"But you will come again, soon?" gasped the girl, with a great throb of relief, as she thought that must be what he meant.

"Oh, yes, perhaps; but that won't matter. Our pleasant summer is at an end. I half wish it could have gone on for years, but then it was too pleasant to last; that's always the way, and now the disagreeable realities of life must be begun again. But it's the way of the world. No one can escape one's fate, and so I am going to mine. She is waiting for me, and her name is Josephine Hastings. She isn't one half as sweet and lovely as you, my pretty darling, but our friends managed somehow to engage us, and I must go and marry her; while you will marry your country sweetheart, and live in the pretty farmhouse, and be ever so much happier than I, as, indeed, you deserve to be, little angel."

"Were you engaged to that lady when you came here, Albert?" asked Marguerite.

Here voice was very low, but so clear, it seemed to penetrate to the very brain of her listener.

"Why, yes, of course," he answered lightly, but feeling the situation becoming so very unpleasant that he determined it must be cut short.

"And have you meant to marry her all the time?" she asked, in the same tone.

"Certainly," answered Lancaster, tearing up a late violet that bloomed at his foot, and plucking it to pieces.

Marguerite uttered a groan, a terrible, an indescribable sound.

It sent a chill through Lancaster, and for a moment made him wish himself anywhere, rather than where he was.

He glanced towards her, and saw that she was lividly pale, even to her lips.

"Why, Maggie, my little darling—my sweet, little, gentle Maggie—I never meant to hurt you like this, my little girl, I didn't think you would care so much. Say you don't hate me—say one kind word to me."

But Marguerite said nothing. She could not speak.

"I must go now," continued Lancaster, hastily consulting his watch. "At least look at me—kiss me good-bye in token of forgiveness."

She looked up at him with eyes from which the light of joy and love was gone for ever; and she held her white face towards him.

Lancaster kissed her once upon her lips, that used to be so warm and red.

They were pale now, and cold like death, and they made no answer to the last kiss he pressed on them.

Then he caught up his hat from the grass, tossed away the ruined violet, and hurried to the station, glad enough that the parting was over.

Marguerite didn't look after him.

She didn't move at all, but only dropped her glance, and sat staring at the ground.

He was gone. Gone for ever! She knew no more. She could think no more. Then slowly thought came back, and memory was busy. She clasped her forehead in her hand.

The blood throbbed in her brain, her heart burned as if on fire, the deep blush of shame mingled over her whole body, and she saw the future—the terrible future—as if time had suddenly held up before her a mirror on which it was reflected.

And it was all shame—disgrace and shame everywhere.

Oh, was there no place in the world where she could hide for ever, and never more be seen—never, never more.

Suddenly a loud whistle cleared the air, and she could feel the rumble of the earth where she sat, and she knew that already the train was bearing him away from her—away to another—to her whom he would make his wife.

She sprang up with a shriek—a piercing cry like the wail of a lost soul—and rushing into the wood, her flying figure was soon lost among the trees and their dense shadows.

When he was fairly out of sight of Lancaster and Marguerite, Moulton slackened his speed and walked very slowly, for he thought perhaps he might see Marguerite when she returned, and, if she was very wretched, he might be of some service.

He paused entirely at last, and waited; and then, after what seemed a long time, he heard a terrible shriek, that drowned even the shrill whistle of the locomotive.

He knew the voice was Marguerite's, and he turned and flew to the spot where he had last seen her. She was not there.

He rushed into the wood, calling on her name.

But only the echo answered him. He wore his voice hoarse with calling on her, and wearied himself in a useless search.

Marguerite did not return to her father's house that night.

On the next day, all the neighborhood turned out to search for her, and at last they found a little blue silk neckerchief that she had worn caught on a branch of a bush near a deep, dark pond.

They dragged the pond, and the search was soon over, for Marguerite was there, and it took but a little while to draw the still, pale girl from the black waters.

Nora.

BY A. H. BALDWIN.

IT was almost dark on a January afternoon; the last rays of the sun lit up the small town of Leston with chilling splendor.

The old mill-pond, as it was called, was nearly deserted, although through the long afternoon its bordering hills had rung with merry voices.

It was more like a rivulet than a pond, this skaters' resort; for it wound gracefully in and out for a mile or more, forming huge ponds in some places, and only tiny streams in others; then, too, its border of hills on either side protected it from the biting wind; and made it "altogether desirable."

It was a lovely bit of winter landscape; but perhaps the loveliest part of the picture was the human presence that irradiated it.

The girls, not beyond sweet sixteen, rested on their skates, just within the pond's greatest curve.

One, the older, leaned against a huge rock, her white hood loosened about a face brilliantly colored with cold and exercise. The other, a slight, lithe little thing, stood in front of her, the wind blowing back her dainty blue flannel skirts fantastically about her feet, and the sky-blue hood that circled her throat, disclosing to full view her bright, childish face.

Not pretty, perhaps, but fair and sweet, with eyes like blue-bells, and soft, curling brown hair.

This picture, and it was far indeed from an unpleasant one, met the view of a tall, well-formed young skater as he came rapidly around the curve in the pond.

He stood transfixed for an instant, then darted away, to return, ere long, with two companions, who skated carelessly about in the vicinity of the maidens, while the first-comer remained in the background.

"Let us go home," maiden Number One said, presently.

"I am ready," was the response. "But, Genie, I thought you had lost your key!"

"So I did! Oh, bother!—why do you wear strap-skates? I wonder if those boys can assist us?"

"Ask one," suggested the younger, wickedly.

"I believe I will," Genie answered, all in earnest, as she skated away, after explaining her difficulty to one of the young gentlemen whom his companion called "Ed!"

"But surely," he said, insinuatingly, "you will not remove your skates yet?"

"It's almost dark," Genie replied.

"Won't you try with me?"

An inducement, truly, for his skating was really superb.

"Why, I don't know; you try, Nora."

Nora's blue eyes were dancing with fun as she encountered Ed's gaze.

"Will you?" holding out his hand.

"'Some girls will, but this girl won't,' is my motto; but I'll waive it for once!" laughed she.

Genie looked longingly after them, and then skated away by herself.

But the tall youth who saw them first looked more than longingly ere he turned to his friend.

"I didn't think she'd do it, Ira," he said, "she seemed so sweet and ladylike; I did not think she'd skate with a fellow she never saw before in her life."

"Pshaw!" answered Ira. "Your notions are too strict, Horace. My sisters would skate or dance with anybody."

"Mine would not!" answered Horace, half-angrily, digging his skates into the ice as he turned away.

He went down to the farthest end of the pond, encountering Ed and Nora, who seemed to be enjoying the fun immensely, for they laughed gaily.

"I hate a flirt!" muttered Horace, without turning to even glance at the little lady who had first attracted him so warmly, then offended his sense of propriety so sorely.

Still, he could not remain long at the end of the pond, and wheeled back, seeing first a hopelessly confused group, for the light was beginning to fade now; then it separated; one slender girl skated in his direction, away from Ed, who had taken Genie's hand; then it swayed and—crash!

A huddled little heap of dark blue flannel and pale blue hood lay on the ice directly in front of him for a moment; then he raised her in his arms.

So long as he lived Horace never forgot those eyes raised to his face, turquoise blue in color, filled with tears, and laughing through it all.

"Are you hurt?" he asked, coldly; and Nora felt little shivers pass over her as the handsome brown eyes looked anxiously at her.

"Not at all," she said, at length, in a faltering voice; and Horace coolly resigned her to the care of Ira, who had appeared.

But he did not really leave her again; sometimes he took her hand and skated with them; other times he skated behind them.

"Just like a guardian angel," Miss Nora avowed to Ira, in a whisper quite inaudible to Horace.

Sometimes he talked with them, but oftener remained silent, listening to the clatter of Nora, who had recovered her spirits lost by her fall, and was flirting desperately with Ira.

"The sun is really set," remarked Nora, suddenly, half-dismayed.

"'And leaves the world to darkness and to me.'" said Horace, dreamily.

The maiden laughed outright, laughed until the tears ran down her pretty cheeks.

"So poetical!" she cried at last. "You looked it, anyway. I said to Genie, when we saw you first, that you quoted poetry. It is in your face!"

Horace bowed slightly, not knowing whether to be complimented or affronted; but it was the last poetry he ever quoted in uncongenial company.

"I wish Genie'd come," the young lady proceeded; "though, to be sure, she is not as fond of poetry as I am. Look—there are two figures!"

"Yes, so they are! Ed! Ed!" he shouted.

Genie and Ed came swiftly up, and the boys assisted the merry maidens to take off their skates.

"But surely," interrupted Ed, "these young ladies must not go home alone!"

And reaching Genie's side, he offered his arm with all the assumption of dignity which youths of eighteen often affect.

Horace and Ira walked on either side of Nora, the former a little in the background. He scarcely spoke, though he raised his hat politely, as Ed and Genie turned the corner to that young lady's residence.

Nora's home was but little further, a tiny white cottage, dimly seen in the uncertain light.

At the gate, Ira said good night, lifted his hat, and walked on a little. Horace stood still; he saw the flannel skirts flutter about the pretty little feet, the blue hood blown back as it was when he had first seen her; and he caught the gleam of tan in the turquoise eyes.

"Good night. I hope we may meet again," he said, lingeringly, and lifted his hat.

That was the last he saw of Nora.

"Who is she? Really, you ask too much! Do you know, Maud?"

And Carrie Latimer dropped her eyeglass, and turned to the elegant young lady beside her, who opened her eyes to their widest extent as she gazed after the retreating form.

"Only an old maid school-teacher," she replied, contemptuously. "Why?"

"My brother asked," Miss Latimer answered.

"She must be a very young 'old maid,'" said Mr. Latimer. "Are you acquainted with her?"

"I? Oh, no! She teaches in a public school in Linton, where I live, you remember. I have seen her frequently and have heard her spoken of as an excellent teacher. However, I know nothing about her," replied Maud Cuyler, shrugging her shoulders expressively.

"Then you know her name?" continued the gentleman, flinging a lovely red rose far from him.

"Miss Stanton," Maud said, coldly, viewing the rose with anxious eyes.

"Horace, how importunate you are!" exclaimed Carrie, testily. "And you threw away that rose you just begged from Maudie!"

"I beg a thousand pardons!"

"But I cannot see what interests you in that little thing," proceeded his sister. "Oh, Horace, did I tell you that Maudie's friend, Mrs. Maynard, whose husband is director of a London band, is coming soon?"

"Yes, it is quite true," her friend asserted. "We are very intimate friends. She is a most charming young lady, and has two beautiful boys, twins, four years old. You will be fond of them, I know, Mr. Latimer."

"I am fond of all children. Carrie, will not Miss Maud and you go down to the stream? The shade there is delightful."

Maud, with a smiling acquiescence, arose, and languidly mounted the stairs for her hat and sunshade; but Carrie lingered.

"Isn't she the sweetest girl you ever knew? Horace, I think I'll stay here, so you can be alone with Maudie."

"You will come with us, if you please, Carrie."

"Oh, pshaw! Why don't you propose?"

"Is your hat up-stairs?"

"No, only in the hall. Won't it be charming to know Mrs. Maynard? Maud knows her well."

"Yes; and now get your hat," said Horace, coolly, turning away to where Mr. Graham, the genial host, stood, talking to the little "old maid."

She was a fair-faced, brown-haired woman of twenty-four, but not looking a day over nineteen in her soft, gray fawn dress, with no ornament save a tiny gold pin—a skull, and on it perched an owl, with glittering diamond eyes.

"Miss Stanton, this is Mr. Latimer," said the host, turning. "There, I must leave you. Excuse me."

Horace murmured something, then turned his handsome dark eyes towards the fair, almost childish, face, with its eyes of turquoise blue—where had he seen those eyes before?

"Do you like the hills, Miss Stanton?" he asked, pleasantly.

"So very, very much!"

"Have you seen the stream yet?" he asked.

"No. I came only last night, you see."

"Ay, yes. Pardon me, you have your hat. Will you go with us—my sister and her friend?"

"Horace, we are ready!" exclaimed Carrie, coming on the scene with Maud.

He introduced them.

"Miss Stanton is going with us," he announced, coolly offering one arm to Maud as he drew Miss Stanton's hand through the other.

Maud and Carrie were not much pleased, but, as the latter was proverbially good-natured, and Eleanor Stanton was too refined and lady-like to allow anyone to harbor dislike, they agreed very well.

She set them at ease, amused and interested them without any apparent effort, and before dinner had almost won Carrie Latimer's heart.

Horace Latimer was a professor of languages in a large academy; his salary was handsome, he was good-looking and "taking," yet, to Carrie's unutterable dismay, he had reached the age of twenty-eight, unmarried.

Maud Cuyler she had met the previous winter, and the two became very intimate, especially as Maud had determined to win Carrie's eligible brother.

With this end in view, Maud and an old aunt of hers, who acted as chaperon, went to the beautiful resort where the Latimers always spent a part or the whole of their summers.

And there, too, came Eleanor Stanton, "only an old maid school-teacher," yet younger than Maud herself, and, as that young lady learned in one short hour, likely to prove a formidable rival.

It is amazing how living in the same house will ripen an acquaintance into friendship.

In three weeks Horace felt as if he had known Miss Stanton twice that number of years. Again and again the flash of laughter in her eyes of turquoise blue brought him back somewhere, but where he could not tell.

"Are you here alone, Miss Stanton?" inquired Maud Cuyler, satirically, one morning, as they all sat together under the shady trees.

"Yes," Eleanor answered, the rose tint deepening on her girlish cheeks. "You see, papa has known Mr. Graham for many years, so I am in his charge. I expected a friend to meet me, however, the week after I arrived, but I was disappointed."

"That reminds me," said Maud, with languid earnestness, "Carrie, did I tell you mamma sent me word that Mrs. Maynard's little boy was ill, and it was that which detained her?"

"No. Too bad, was it not? Which one is ill?"

"Eddie. He only had the croup, but she is so very careful of him. She is fonder of him than of Ira, everybody knows."

"Eddie and Ira!" exclaimed Horace. "Those are the names of the dearest friends I ever had!"

"Oh!"

Eleanor gave a sharp cry, and he turned anxiously towards her.

"Nothing," she answered his query, smiling, although her cheeks were quite white. "It was a thorn; those roses are so treacherous. You were speaking of your friends, Mr. Latimer."

She carelessly brushed the pink bud from her lap as she spoke; and Horace, answering, stooped to pick up the discarded flower.

"Yes. Ed, poor, dear old Ed, is in Australia; ill fortune followed him persistently; and Ira—well, Miss Cuyler, you know him, and you, Miss Stanton, may see him this summer. Do you not think so, Carrie?" he asked his sister, laughingly.

"Don't tease, Horace!" she answered, her face growing rosy with confusion.

"Miss Maud," and Horace turned to her, "I heard that the coachman was ordered to meet Mrs. Maynard at the station at five o'clock."

"How delightful!" cried Maud, enthusiastically.

As the carriage came slowly up the hill that evening, Horace and Carrie stood leaning over the balcony railing; Maud, halfway down the broad steps, leaned gracefully against an enormous urn; while Eleanor, looking very fair and sweet in her white dress, sat in a low rocking chair apart from the rest, reading.

The carriage stopped. Two chubby boys, in kilts and with long, light hair, were handed out, and then a lady; she was a stately lady, handsomely dressed, and her eyes, very large and blue, were proud almost to haughtiness.

Mr. Graham advanced to meet them. Maud, directly in the way, stretched out both her hands with a smile of welcome. But Mrs. Maynard saw neither of them.

"Eleanor, my dearest!" she cried, all her dignity leaving her as she clasped her in her arms.

Eddie and Ira hung on both sides of Miss Stanton, calling her "auntie," and begging for a kiss.

"Excuse me, pray," Mrs. Maynard said at last, turning to Mr. Graham. "Miss Stanton is my dearest friend, and I have so longed to see her. Eleanor, this must be Mr. Graham, of course; but will you introduce me to him and to the others?"

Eleanor laughingly complied, and when she came to Miss Cuyler, the recognition was mutual.

Mrs. Maynard's looks belied her, for she was not at all haughty, but very affable, though dignified.

"How sly Miss Stanton was!" Maud said, later on, to Horace and Carrie. "I mentioned Mrs. Maynard often, just to see if she would speak, for I know she is engaged to marry her brother, Harry Allen."

The shot, intended as it was for Horace, took instantaneous effect, and, gloomy and depressed, he retired to a secluded part of the garden, where for the rest of the evening he smoked, not in peace.

He took breakfast in his own room next morning, and after telling Carrie that he could not stay in that wretched place another day, he sauntered off, still very far from amiable.

"Eleanor!" he groaned, raising his face to the sky, whose blue brightness seemed to mock him with the memory of her eyes.

He retraced his steps. Not far from the house was a lovely summer-house, two sides of which were formed of solid rock, and the whole overhung with creepers.

In the doorway of this he espied a girlish form in a blue dress, with a scarf of airy, sky-blue material thrown loosely about her neck and shoulders.

It was Miss Stanton; but the picture carried him farther back than the three weeks he had known her.

"You have been out early, Mr. Latimer," she said, with a laughing gleam in her eyes.

"Yes, rather," he acknowledged, with the best intentions of moving on, but at the same time remaining stationary.

"Miss Latimer and Miss Cuyler were playing tennis," continued Eleanor. "Do you like it?"

"Yes, very much; but winter sports are best," he returned. "Do you skate, Miss Stanton?"

Eleanor blushed.

"I am exceedingly fond of it. In truth, I never tire of it."

"Indeed, I can appreciate your feelings," Horace said, warmly, his dark eyes full of enthusiasm.

"Look—there they are!" his companion cried, irrelevantly; and not far off he saw Carrie and Maud, Mrs. Maynard and the twins, approaching.

"Let's hide," Eleanor said, mischievously, shrinking into the summer house, where Horace followed her; and they watched the new comers through the chinks of the lattice work.

"I hope they'll go past," she went on gaily. "We can spring out and startle them."

Just then a clear, sweet voice rang out upon the still, cool air; a voice whose ringing treble notes were far too sweet to be ever forgotten.

"Nora! Nora!" it rang out. "Where are you, Eleanor? Nora! Nora!"

Horace clenched his fingers. He understood, and the surprise overcame him for a moment.

"Nora!" he gasped, and then looked straight into the laughing turquoise eyes. The laughter died out, and in their half-fearful depths he read that—well, that if Henry Allen existed, he was nothing to her.

He took her hand, raising it tenderly to his his lips.

"Nora," he said, "I have never forgotten you. My Nora!"

And he told this delightful little falsehood without even blushing.

You all know the rest. Ira Lawrence came the following week, and had the bad grace to recognise Genie and Nora almost immediately.

There were two weddings in the autumn—Ira and Carrie—Horace and Eleanor. Maud, as bridesmaid, quite captivated Ed, the returned Australian. But Harry Allen was not present, for Mrs. Maynard never had a brother!

A Narrow Escape.

BY FRANK ABELL.

WHEN I went to Iowa Territory, in 1818, I made my home with an old acquaintance by the name of Green, who went from Western Pennsylvania, where he had led a pretty eventful life, his house having been burned twice over his head by Indians, during the early settlement of that State. He had lost two of his children by the same means, so that he had cause enough to emigrate.

He settled on Manson's River, or rather Creek, which flowed just by his door, and which a mile or two below descended fully a hundred feet by a series of rapids which were sure death for any man to attempt to shoot who was not a perfect master in guiding a canoe.

Green could never summon courage to attempt it in his birch canoe until he had seen me do it; but he gained courage after awhile, and learned to do it with an ease and confidence equal to my own.

When we engaged in fishing we frequently performed the feat, until it became a matter of amusement with both of us.

Green had a wife, and one child of about six years, who was as interesting a little girl as I ever saw.

I was as much attached to her, as I never had a family of my own, and she appeared to regard me with an affection second only to that which she entertained for her parents.

Shortly after I took up my quarters with them, in the autumn of 1818, I was seized with the chills and fever, and did not entirely recover until spring.

I was nursed and treated so well by the entire family, that, when I became well again, I agreed to remain through the season, and to assist him in clearing his land, and getting his scanty seed under ground.

At that time there were Indians all round us, and some of them were of the very worst kind. They hated a white man like poison, and I was sure we should have trouble with them.

It was that, more than anything else, that made me anxious to remain with them until the country became more settled.

The season was pretty well advanced, when a man called at our house one day, and told us that a party of Indians had attacked the settlers further up the creek, and after massacring several families, were descending the creek in a large canoe, for the purpose of serving us in the same manner.

This was alarming news indeed, and we decided to change our quarters at once, while there was a prospect of escape.

Green proposed that we should start through the woods for the settlement; but as that was twenty miles distant, and I knew they would follow our trail with the speed and certainty of the bloodhound, he took my advice, which was to embark in the canoe, leaving everything behind us.

By this means we could effectually cover our trail; and as the shores were both lined with a luxuriant, overhanging undergrowth, we could glide under cover, and remain concealed until the danger had passed.

This was a good plan, and would have succeeded admirably had it been adopted an hour sooner.

The hunter who had given us the intelligence started at once down the stream, in the hopes that he might be able to warn some of the other settlers in time.

The light canoe comfortably seated us four, including the little girl, and within fifteen minutes after the alarm reached us, we shoved out from the bank, Green took the paddle and we started on our perilous descent of the creek, which, however, was large enough to deserve the name of river.

We had scarcely shoved out from the shore when a whoop reached our ears, and looking back, we saw to our dismay that the Indian canoe was in sight.

The redskins had discovered us and naturally enough, determined that we should not elude them in this easy manner.

I groaned at the miscreants, as they came dashing down the stream, almost with the speed of wind, and saw that the chase was escaped by none of them.

"Now, Green," said I, "use the paddle, for all depends on that."

I never saw him use the oar with such skill.

He had seen enough of Indians to understand that it was now a case of life and death, and with his wife and only child to depend upon his exertions, it need not be said that every particle of strength and skill that he possessed were put forward and put into use.

Every moment or two the Indians uttered one of their frightful yells—so frightful indeed that the little girl began crying through terror.

However, I persuaded her to lie down in the boat, and her mother soon soothed her fears, although she still shivered every time the fearful sound reached her ears.

My great fear was that the Indians would fire at us, which would be pretty certain to result fatally, as we were within easy gunshot distance.

But they evidently considered this unnecessary, as it looked as though we must inevitably fall into their hands.

Despite the utmost exertions of Green, the savages gained steadily upon us—a fact which was as apparent to them as to us, and which their repeated yells were intended to signalize.

When we embarked in our canoe I don't think either of us thought of the rapids below.

We started in such haste that we had little time to think of anything except as to how we could get away as speedily as possible.

But when the roar began to rise in our ears, my friend looked inquiringly at me. I nodded my head.

"The best thing that could be for us."

I offered to take the paddle several times, but he was not willing. The changing of places would involve a moment or two of delay, and there was no time for that.

However, as we approached the rapids, I could see that he was a little uneasy, and he made no objection to my taking the paddle in hand.

Our hopes now centered upon the inability of our enemies to guide their craft through these rapids.

There was no question but that the Indians could manage their canoe with a skill equal, if not superior, to that with which we controlled ours; but in going through this dangerous place there were perils which might easily shipwreck the most skillful of their number, as many of them were children.

Before I attempted to shoot these rapids, I had spent several hours in surveying them from the shore, a proceeding which, I am well satisfied, proved my salvation in the exploit afterward performed.

I steered straight for the rapids. As we neared them, the roar became deafening, the mist filled the air, and the sight of the plunging, lashing waters was so appalling that Mrs. Green covered her face to shut out the dreadful sight, and the father was compelled to grasp his shrieking little girl, who was fairly wild at the sight.

The canoe danced and spun around like an egg-shell, and the blinding mist so covered us, that more than once I feared it was all over with us; but I guided the canoe with all the coolness I could summon, and, thanks to Providence, we shortly reached the calmer water below.

"Dare they follow us?" inquired Green.

"Yes; it's too late to retreat."

The Indian canoe was at this time close on to the rapids, and anxiously watching their movements, I saw the occupants stop using their paddles, while one of their number took his position in the stern.

"That looks as though he understood it," I remarked, as I ceased paddling.

So it proved. The savage soon demonstrated that he had been through this channel before. He followed precisely the course I had taken, and which was the only one that offered the least chance of safety.

"There is only one who can bring them through," I added, "and he won't be there long.

I held my rifle until sure of my aim, and then fired. The Indian who held the guiding oar uttered a shriek that sounded far above the roar of the rapids, and, springing several feet in the air, disappeared in the foaming abyss of waters.

The canoe, left without a controlling power, was seen to spin around as if in the maelstrom, and then striking a projecting rock, was shattered to fragments, the Indians struggling frantically for life.

I reloaded my gun as quickly as possible, and Green and I managed to send a bullet through a couple of shaven crowns, which were tossed hither and thither like corks. The others needed no such treatment.

They were so mangled by the furious waters that when they floated out of their grasp, not a particle of life remained.

We made our way down the creek to the nearest neighbors, where we remained several days, when we returned to our home, and found that it had not been disturbed in the least during our absence.

NEARLY A YEAR WITHOUT FOOD.—Miss Kate Smalley, of Amsterdam, N. Y., the famous faster, whose case has attracted the attention of the whole scientific world, and who is claimed to have abstained from food nearly 300 days, is in all appearance as hearty as ever. The ruddy glow of her face and comparatively plump form, that so thoroughly puzzled those who examined her some time ago, remain the same, and are sadly out of keeping with the assertions of her mother and others, who stoutly aver that not a mouthful of food has passed the faster's lips in over six months.

"It is impossible for her to eat," Mrs. Smalley says, "and none of us can tell what has kept her alive." Dr. Zoller, her physician, states that it was all a mystery to him. He can give no explanation of the case, and does not know how her life has been sustained so long. The young lady does not sleep more than one hour out of twenty-four, and is extremely restless when awake. Many continue to maintain that the whole thing is a hoax, and it certainly does look as though Miss Smalley has some mode of obtaining food, and it is possible that she does so without the knowledge of her attendants.

AN Indian in the Cascade Mountains shot and wounded an elk some days ago, and, before he could reload his gun, the elk charged and killed him with his sharp feet.

How to serve a dinner—Eat it.

THE most reliable article in use for restoring gray hair to its [illegible] color and promoting its growth, is Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

HOW SPONGES ARE CAUGHT.

THE sponging fleet is composed of small schooners ranging from ten to forty tons, or even smaller. Each schooner carries from four to six men, and makes periodical trips out to the sponge beds. Around Abaco, Andros Island and Exuma are some of the principal fisheries; they are hardly any of value in the immediate vicinity of Nassau. The men do not dive for them, as sponge fishers in the Mediterranean do, but use long handled things like oyster tongs to fish them out of the water.

They do not "go it blind" and probe in the mud like oystermen; in this clear water they can see every inch of the bottom, and make up their minds what sponges to take, and seize hold of each one carefully, detach it from the rock to which it clings, and lift it into the boat. They are not the nice, delicate and light-colored things we see in the shop windows.

When first taken from the water they look and feel more like a piece of raw liver than anything else. They are slippery, slimy, ugly and smell bad.

Their color generally is a sort of brown, very much like the color of gulf weed, only a little darker.

Most people are taught, in the days of their freshness and innocence, that the sponge is an animal, and when they visit Nassau they expect perhaps to see sponges swimming about the harbor, if, indeed, they do not surprise some of the more athletic ones climbing trees or making little excursions over the hills.

But they are disappointed when they learn that the animal part disappears entirely long before the sponge reaches a market, and that the part we use for mopping up fluids is only his house, the many-roomed residence in which he sheltered himself while at sea—a regular marine tenement house, built with great skill and architectural precision, in which many of the little beasts lived and died.

After the sponges reach the deck of the vessel they are cleaned and dried, and go through a curing process. They then become the sponges of commerce, and are divided into eight varieties in the Bahamas.

Some, called "hardwool," or "sheepswool," are as fine and soft as silk, and very strong. Others, although large and perhaps tough, are coarse and comparatively worthless.

There are, too, bouquet sponges, silk sponges, wire sponges and finger and glove sponges. The process for curing them is to keep them on deck for two or three days, which "kills" them. Then they are put in a crawl and kept there four [illegible] days, and are afterward cleaned and bleached in the sun on the beach. When they reach Nassau the roots are cut off and the sponges are trimmed and dressed for exportation.

Nearly every darky in Nassau understands how to do this trimming part, as symmetry of the sponges must be preserved as much as possible, and if there are any places where coral sand has adhered to the sponge those pieces must be cut out, for no amount of skill or care will get rid of sand in a sponge, and the sand is sure to scratch anything it touches.

The trimming is generally done very expertly, so that a novice would hardly see that a sponge had been cut.

A POOR woman, whose son had been ruined by dissipation, was fined $2 in Hamilton, Ont., the other day, with the alternative of ten days in jail, because she knelt before a saloon and asked God to curse the liquor traffic.

A Great Sufferer from Debility, Nervousness, Loss of Sleep and Appetite, Restored to Health by Compound Oxygen.

The following, written for publication by W. G. P. Brinckloe, of Hulmeville, Pa., editor and publisher of the Odd Fellows' Journal, gives that gentleman's happy experience with Compound Oxygen:

"In the Spring of 1881 my health began to fail, so that I became a great sufferer from debility, nervousness, and loss of sleep and appetite. After trying several remedies and continuing to grow weaker, I almost in despair gave up the hope of living. To add to my sufferings, in October of the same year I was afflicted with a severe cold, which seemed to induce congestion of the liver and kidneys, threatened paralysis of the right side. The prescribed remedies aggravated, rather than allayed, the suffering.

"About the first of November I heard of Compound Oxygen and was induced to try it. At the time I was losing about half a gill of blood a day. I could not sleep soundly, had very little appetite, and a very flighty memory.

"In less than two weeks after taking the Compound Oxygen I was like a new [illegible] enjoying good health, excellent spirits, and improved powers of endurance, both mentally and physically.

"There have also been a number of wonderful results that have come within my observation from the use of Compound Oxygen."

A "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, [illegible] and Debility, is sent free by SWARTZ & PATEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

New Publications.

"Poultry for Profit," being No. 1 of The Poultry Keeper Series, by P. H. Jacobs; W. V. R. Powis, publisher, Chicago. Of late there has been a great deal written on the subject of poultry, but usually the writers have been theoretical. In "Poultry for Profit," you have the practical and ripe experience of a gentleman who has spent thirty years in the poultry yard. It is handsomely illustrated and printed on fine paper and tastefully bound. Cloth 50 cents, paper cover 25 cents.

"Harry Coverdale's Courtship and Marriage and What Came of It," by Frank E. Smedley, author of "Frank Fairleigh." His works are of unflagging interest, their perusal will yield pleasure and profit. True to the life, being quaint, humorous graphic, there is no wonder that his works have secured such a large share of public patronage. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa. Price 75 cents, paper cover.

MAGAZINES.

The Sanitarian for November contains [illegible] the following various articles: [illegible] Look About Sternants and Nurses, Drainage [illegible] Health, Sanitary Control of Marriage, Newspapers, Penal; Temperance Physiology, Preventable Sickness, Relation of Law to the Rules of Health; The present and Future of Sanitary Water Analysis; How the Bedouins Conquer Thirst; Tongaline; Hygiene of the Habitations of the Poor; What the Cholera Has Cost; Editor's Table; American Public Health Association Proceedings; State Boards of Health Reports; Illinois, Kentucky, Ontario; Overwork in German Schools, Vaccination Statistics, etc., etc. 113 Fulton St., New York. Price 35 cents per copy.

Demorest's Illustrated Magazine for December contains not only a great deal of good Christmas Literature, but many other well-written and interesting articles on various subjects. Santiago; An Old Port and Bit of Shore; A Canterbury Pilgrimage; and The Angelic Painter; will repay reading; and the household suggestions are eminently practical and useful. The illustrations are numerous, among which is a fine photogravure of the "Mater Dolorosa" of Dolci. Published at New York.

The [illegible] Illustrated Magazine for November [illegible] the following various articles: [illegible] Last Century, [illegible] Paper, from a Drawing by Hugh Thomson; [illegible] illustrated by Herbert Railton and [illegible] Wood; [illegible] Illustrated [illegible] Engraved by A. W. Dawson; Last Terrible Mystery, The Mistress of Rudolf, by A. Mary F. Robinson, [illegible] Illustrations by [illegible]; Baby Linguistics, by James [illegible]; A Lovely Affair, by Hugh Conway, [illegible] Red Book, etc., etc. Macmillan & Co., Publishers New York. Price 15 cts. per number.

A TERRIBLE NIGHT.—When the Emperor Leopold was about to make his grand entry into Vienna, the old sexton of St. Joseph's Cathedral was much troubled in his mind. Upon such occasions it had been his custom to take his stand on the pinnacle of the tower, and wave a flag as the imperial pageant passed; but he felt that age had so weakened his nerve that he dared not again attempt the perilous performance. After thinking the matter over, he came to the conclusion that he must find a substitute; and knowing his pretty daughter had plenty of stalwart suitors, the old fellow publicly announced, that the man who could take his place successfully should be his son-in-law. To his intense disgust, the offer was [illegible] by [illegible] Peterchen, his [illegible] and the [illegible] lover of [illegible] who was below [illegible] father's eyes. On the appointed day, Vienna opened its gates to the new-made emperor; but it was evening, or near upon evening, when the young flag-bearer welcomed the procession from St. Joseph's tower. His task performed, Gabriel would have descended from the airy height, but found his way barred. Two wretches had done the treacherous sexton's bidding, and closed the trap-door of the upper stairway, leaving the brave youth to choose between precipitating himself on the pavement below, or clinging the cold night through to the slender spire, with but ten inches of foothold. He chose possible life to certain death, but when rescue came with the morning, his eyes were sunken and dim, his cheeks yellow and wrinkled, and his curly locks as white as snow. Gabriel Petersheim had won his bride at a fearful cost.

"How can you afford to sell these rifles for five dollars? They won't stand much service, will they?" Dealer—"They will last as long as the man who fires them; what more would you want?" Gentleman thinks "sure enough" and goes off without a rifle.

Important.

Philadelphians arriving in New York via Cortland Street Ferry by taking the 6th Avenue Elevated Train corner Church and Cortland Streets, can reach the Grand Union Hotel in 42d Street opposite Grand Central Depot in twenty minutes, and save $3 Carriage Hire. If enroute to Saratoga or other Summer resorts via Grand Central Depot, all Baggage will be transferred from Hotel to the Depot, carriage free. Elegant [illegible] rooms $1 and upwards per day. Restaurant the best and cheapest in the city. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union, than at any other first class hotel in the city.

Our Young Folks.

THE BLACK CAT.

BY PIPKIN.

THERE was once a poor girl named Dilly, whose family was all dead; and having to support herself, she lived with a spiteful old dame, whose name was Marthon, and who abused and scolded her from morning till night, till the fairies decided to punish her for her cruelty.

So one day there came to the door a great awkward, freckled, lounging lad, who asked Dame Marthon to let him stay and work for her, and was so simple, that he agreed to do all the work on her farm for threepence a week.

So the dame, laughing to herself, suffered him to stay; but that night he took a pinch of salt from her saltcellar, and scattered it over everything in and around the house, saying "Skeer, skeer, fairy, fantory, omery, corn," and at it, it the longs crammed, and the tables clattered, and the pump squeaked, and everybody said, "We are yours, and will obey you."

So the next morning, before light, the dame woke up with a queer sensation in her toes and fingers, and sitting up in bed, discovered that her shoes had placed themselves on her feet of their own accord; and before she had time to think of it, the shoes had whisked her shrieking up the chimney, and perched her on its top, where she sat covered with soot, and squalling dismally for help, but quite unable to stir, till Dilly had made her fires, and got ready the breakfast, when the dame made her appearance in the kitchen.

Now, for her own breakfast, she had ordered a cup of coffee and a chicken; but Dilly and the strange lad were to have nothing but some old crusts and sour milk, sitting outside on the steps.

Hardly, however, was the old woman at the table, when away went her chicken and coffee, and plumped themselves before Dilly and the boy, while the crusts and sour milk stood before the dame.

She tried to rise, or call out, but could neither speak nor stir; and while she sat there helpless, she saw the chicken and coffee going down her servants' throats.

She determined after breakfast to give Dilly a beating, but her hand stuck fast to the handle of her broomstick, and she could not get it away; while, though she tried her best to scold, not a word could she speak, but only sat in her chair, shrieking with rage, and glaring wickedly at her handmaid; and when Dilly had finished the work, and commenced to sew, it was still worse, for at every stitch the old woman twisted and screamed, because the needles ran into her flesh.

As there was no living like that, Dame Marthon determined to go and find an old witch, who should in turn punish Dilly, by turning her into a black cat.

So she got out her hood and cloak, and her cane from the corner, and trudged away in the forest; and meeting a man driving a hog in his wagon, she asked him where the old witch lived.

"Go on three miles further," said the man, "and then turn to your right and cross the brook three times, and the third time turn to your left, and go another mile, and you will see what you will see;" and away he drove, as fast as his horses could keep up.

Of course Dame Marthon could tell little about the road by such directions as that; but she determined to trudge ahead, and see what would come of it.

The way was very rough—going straight up a steep hill—and she was quite out of breath, and the sun coming out shone so hotly that she was quite faint.

Coming to a spring, she thought that she would take out her lunch from her pocket, and then she found that she had lost it. She tried to drink of the water, getting down on her knees and carrying it in her hands to her lips; but leaning too far forward, bobbed heels over head into the stream.

Spite of so many misfortunes, she was still quite determined to persevere, so angry was she with Dilly; and though every bone ached after her ducking, she trotted forward as fast as her old legs would carry her; but presently she came to a great thicket of thorny brambles, growing higher than her head, and so close together that a mouse could not force them apart, and only scratched herself, till she screamed with pain.

So she was obliged to turn back again, and hobbling along, sulkily enough, she met a girl singing.

"Where does the old witch live?" asked Dame Marthon.

"Oh," said the girl, staring, "you had better not go to see, she is an evil old dame, and plays everybody a trick that comes near her."

"That is my business," answered Dame Marthon, crossing. "All you have to do is to answer a civil question if you know how."

"Well," said the girl, laughing, "if you will go, turn down this road, and walk till you see three trees growing on one trunk, before you will find her."

Then the dame turned down the road, and hobbled along as fast she could, looking all the way for three trees growing out of one trunk, till at last the road ended against a great rock.

"I must have passed it," thought Dame Marthon.

And back she went, looking still sharper than before, and so busy about it, that she ran against another old woman, coming along the path.

"Mind what you are about, can't you?" said this old woman, in a squeaking voice.

"You had better mind what you are about!" answered Marthon, in a rage. "You have almost knocked the breath out of me."

"You ought to be home and in your bed, since you are so blind you can't see!" said the stranger-woman.

"I am not blind, and I can see!" screeched the dame; "only I wasn't looking for any such miserable object as you."

"And what were you looking for? Haven't you asked everybody you met where to find the witch, and torn your face in the brambles, and got a ducking, in trying to find her; and now you are such an old fool that you do not know me when you see me! What do you want of me, Dame Crospatch?"

Marthon was much frightened to think that she had spoken so rudely to the witch; and answered very softly—

"Oh, dear Mrs. Witch, I hadn't the least idea who it was, or I should have been more civil. You see my temper is quite spoiled, though I used to be the best-natured creature in the world, by the wickedness of my girl Dilly; and she has tormented me so lately, that I have come to ask you to please to turn her into a black cat; an ugly one, if you please, Mrs. Witch—a very ugly one."

"But why don't you send her away? I wouldn't turn anyone into a cat, if I were you," said the witch.

"But no, no," cried Marthon, stamping on the ground. "I will have her turned into a cat!"

"Very good," said the witch. "Go home and say, 'The witch thinks it best that I should turn you into an ugly black cat!' Now see if you can say it."

"Of course I can," said Marthon; and remembered directly, and instead of saying what she was told, said, in a haste, "The witch thinks it best that I should be turned into a black cat!"

She had hardly spoken the words, when there she stood—the ugliest cat that ever yowled. But Dilly lived in comfort for the rest of her days.

THE VINEGAR-CRUET.

BY F. C. B.

THERE was once a wicked woman who ill-used her little stepson, because every one was fonder of him than of her.

"I'll make you sour," she cried, in a fury; and straightway turned him into a vinegar-cruet.

The poor little fellow was sad enough, to find himself thus miserably transformed; but still "worse things might happen," said he to himself; "one can make a figure in the world, even though it be in a castor."

His wicked stepmother had, however, no fancy for letting him rest there. The next day, she contrived to let the vinegar-cruet fall, and broke the stopper.

"See," she said, showing it to the father, "it is good for nothing but to be thrown out on the dust-heap."

"Very good, throw it there then!" answered her husband, little dreaming that the poor broken bottle was his only son.

So he was thrown out with the ashes; and, presently, the dustman came and took him away.

But the poor vinegar-cruet was not altogether sorry; for now, that the stopper was out, he could talk. He kept very quiet, and they came to the city, where, his horses being tired, the dustman stopped, just before the palace-gate.

There the vinegar-cruet heard some rogues talking together, and saying that they would break in through the bath-room that night, and kill the King.

As soon as the vinegar-cruet heard that, he rolled himself out of the cart, though terribly afraid of breaking, and rolling under some great leaves, lay there quietly.

By-and-by, the King came walking that way, and, after looking about him awhile, began to swing backward and forward on the gate, as he was fond of doing, when he heard a voice say, "Beware of the bath-room!"

The King looked all about him, but seeing no one, thought that he had heard only his own thoughts.

"It is very odd, however, that I should think such a thing as that!" he said to himself.

Then the vinegar-cruet said again, "O King, send soldiers to examine the bath-room; for there are men hidden there, who mean to kill you to-night."

"That's pleasant," said the King; "but who are you, good creature? I should like to see you."

"I am the vinegar cruet under the leaves," answered the voice again. "Pick me up, and you will see."

The King, hearing that, began to poke about among the bushes, and finding the cruet, took it up and placed it in his bosom.

"Hold me up to your ear," said the cruet, "for I want to whisper."

And, thereupon, it told him all that his enemies had said.

The King sent at once, and finding the men, had them executed; but for the cruet he provided a stand of pure gold, and caused it to be set in his bed-chamber.

Of course, the news went through the country that the King had won for himself a vinegar-cruet which told him and that it had saved him from a plot, owing to the ears of the wicked people not suspecting it more who it was, and left out for it, to make sure.

She was a woman with a long, smooth tongue, and after she had been at Court an hour, she talked his majesty into such a good opinion of her, that he took her into his chamber, to show her the wonderful cruet.

On looking at it, she pretended to start, and then to sigh deeply.

"What is the matter?" asked the King alarmed.

"Alas! your Majesty," replied the wicked woman, "you are greatly deceived. Nobody else will keep this bottle because it brings misfortune to whoever harbors it."

"Very good!" cried the King. "But what, then, shall I do with it? I cannot throw it away."

"Give it me," said the wicked woman; "I will dispose of it."

So the King gave it to her, and carrying it far away into the very middle of a deep forest, she threw it down with all her force, breaking it in pieces, and saying—"See now if you can stay there!" and then went away, satisfied that this time she had disposed of it.

Enough of it, however, was left together to see, hear, and talk; and, lying there, it struck up a friendship with a splendid diamond ring, that a great princess had dropped there one day by accident.

Now, this ring was the gift of a fairy, who had told the princess to beware how she lost it, for she would lose all her luck with it.

Therefore the princess was in great trouble and not only sent out messengers to look everywhere for the ring, but came herself to the forest, where she remembered that she had worn it last.

When the ring saw her, it said, with all its might: "Here I am! here I am!"

But, having no legs to carry it, the ring was picked up by another one, but the princess passed by without stopping.

Then the vinegar-cruet called out: "Here I am, your ring, madam. You are going wrong—you are going wrong, here I am!"

The princess, wondering greatly that she could see no one, looked in every direction, and heard the voice, and presently found it belonging to what she had overlooked.

"But where, or how, is it that you speak to me? I see no one."

"Sprinkle here some of the water of the brook," answered the cruet, "and you shall see me."

On that, the princess dipped up water in her hand, and sprinkled it where the ring had lain, and instantly there stood before her a lovely, smiling little boy.

When he had told her his story, she took him home with her, and adopted him as her son; so that his wicked stepmother's malice brought him only good, after all. But, as for her, when she heard the news, she died of anger.

ON THE COAST.

IN the old days, the Cornish people in England, were great smugglers. Indeed, the natural features of the coast are such, that they would have been almost more than human if they were not.

Even when it did not pay very well, the love of adventure enlisted the whole population in its favor.

The farmers who did not themselves help to run a cargo on a moonless night, would, when the riders—the coastguard—were out of the way, lend their horses to those who did, so that long before daylight the kegs were all carried off far inland, or stowed away in the hiding-holes which nearly every house possessed.

A darker page of Cornish history is that of the days of wrecking. Terrible sights have some of those pitiless beaches witnessed; when the doomed vessel was lured on by false lights to be the prey of men more pitiless still.

At St. Eval, a lame horse used to be led on stormy nights along the cliffs with a lantern fixed on its head; and many a craft, supposing it to be the light of a ship riding at anchor, was thus steered by her luckless crew straight into the very jaws of death.

Wrecks were looked upon as a legitimate harvest of the sea, even as things to be prayed for, like a shoal of pilchards or a lode of tin. The remains of that feeling are not extinct even yet. A few years ago, a vessel laden with Manchester goods was wrecked on the north coast. Her name was the Good Samaritan. Of course such of her cargo as was saved was supposed to be handed over to the coastguard, according to law; but a good deal of flotsam and jetsam was quietly appropriated notwithstanding, the fortunate finders never dreaming that there could be anything more amiss in doing so than, perhaps, thought they might not be strictly legal.

Some months afterwards, a lady of the neighborhood was visiting the cottagers and asking them how they had got through the hard winter that was just over; and she was told by one of the simple folks that times had been bad indeed, that work had been slack and wages low, and that it had been a severe struggle to keep a home together.

"And indeed I don't know what we should have done, if the Lord hadn't sent us the Good Samaritan!"

It is reported of a worthy old parson on the west coast at the end of the last century, when wrecks were considered as godsends, and it was an article of faith that the owners of a ship lost all title to their property the moment her keel touched ground, that in the long extempore prayer which, in defiance of the rubrics, was then generally indulged in before the sermon, he was accustomed, as the winter drew on, to introduce a reference to this great ocean harvest, in some such style as this:

"Lord, we do not pray for wrecks, but as next to the most precious gift, we beseech Thee, that they may be sent us."

Perhaps this was the divine who was in the middle of his sermon when the news reached the church that a vessel had just struck and was going to pieces in the bay, and who instantly concluded with the benediction, and left his surplice in the pulpit, so that he and his congregation might start fair upon the shore.

Yet eager as was the rivalry for what could be snatched from the sea, there was no pilfering from any man's heap.

To this day, you have but to put a stone upon anything you find on the beach, in token that it has been "saved," and you may leave it in perfect safety, for no Cornishman will take it then.

If, on your return, you find it gone, you may assure yourself some [illegible] "up-country people" have been by that way.

ABOUT CLOTHES PINS.—Clothes pins now come principally from Maine, where the requisite lumber is abundant. A Bangor paper describes the way they are made in one of the larger factories at Vanceboro in that State.

The wood used is mainly white birch and beech. The logs are cut and hauled to the shores of the lake or the streams emptying into it, whence they are floated down to the mill. As fast as required they are hauled into the mill by a windlass and chain worked by steam power, and sawed into lengths of 16 to 22 inches—the former to be made into pins, and the latter into boards for the boxes required in packing. The 16-inch lengths are next sawed into boards of the requisite thickness by a shingle machine, then into strips of the proper size by a gang of 12 circular saws, and finally into 5-inch lengths by a gang of 3 saws.

The logs have now been cut up into blocks about five inches long and three-fourths of an inch square. Falling, as they leave the saws, on an elevator belt, they are carried into an upper story, and returning to the first floor are deposited in troughs, whence they are fed to the turning lathes, of which there are several—each being capable of turning 80 pins a minute. They are then passed to the slotting machines, in which a peculiar arrangement of knives inserted in a circular saw gives the slot the proper flange, after which they are automatically carried by elevator belts to the drying bins on the second floor, where they are subjected to a high temperature, generated by steam pipes, until thoroughly seasoned. There are several of these bins, the largest of which has a capacity of 100 boxes, or 72,000 pins, and the smaller ones 50 boxes.

The pins are now ready for polishing and packing. The polishing is accomplished by means of perforated cylinders or drums, each capable of holding forty bushels, in which the pins are placed and kept constantly revolving until they become as smooth as if polished by hand with the finest sand paper. A few minutes before this process is completed, a small amount of tallow is thrown in the drums with the pins, after which a few more revolutions give them a beautiful glossy appearance. These polishing drums are suspended directly over the packing counter on the first floor of the mill, and being thus immediately beneath the ceiling of the floor above, are readily filled through scuttles from the drying bins on the second floor, and as easily emptied on the counter below, where the pins are sorted into first and second grades, and packed in boxes of five gross each. The sorting and packing are done by girls. Two hundred and fifty boxes are packed in a day.

The market for clothes pins is not confined to any special locality, but is found nearly all over the world. Ten thousand boxes have been shipped to Melbourne, Australia, within four months. Ten firms in London carry a stock of ten thousand boxes each, and two firms in Boston carry a like amount.

MISTAKES IN DRESS.—Amongst all the mistakes that are constantly made there is none more irritating to the beholders than the wrong cut of a low bodice.

Very few women understand this difficult art, and as low bodices are again fashionable, it is very necessary that some attention should be given to it.

For the thin woman there is nothing so becoming as a heart-shaped opening front and back; it leaves but little of the chest and shoulders visible, and the opening is generally surrounded by a drapery which gives a little fulness.

With this bodice puffed sleeves to the elbow are very often worn, and these cover the upper part of the arm, which is very ugly when thin and flat. All thin women would do well to adopt this mode, and leave the ordinary low bodice to their plumper sisters.

A style that is now becoming de mode is the sparo-cut bodice, whether it is worn by young and slender girls, with a white chemisette closely drawn in round the neck, or, as it too often is, by stout, middle-aged matrons, by whom the modest chemisette is much more needed, and to whose appearance it would be a decided improvement.

Ladies who are no longer young, but who wear low bodices, often commit the great error of adopting with these the old-fashioned deep lace berthe, falling nearly to the waist.

It is a great mistake, as the bodice must be cut in an old-fashioned curve, and the sleeves worn with it are in a style that is now considered absurd. Such an attempt to revive an old mode, pretty enough in its day, but not ancient enough to be interesting, is always a failure.

Another very common error in judgment is to have three or four best dresses that are worn only two or three times a year, and not to make any alteration in them on the very inadequate plea that they are not soiled or worn out.

THE SABBATH MORN.

BY WILLIAM BYRNE.

'Tis Sabbath morn !—The solemn sound of bells
  Is borne upon the quiet holy breeze,
From hallow'd churches, that in yonder dells
  Lift up their heads, half-hidden by the trees :
The birds, methinks, sing with a sweeter lay,
And the sun, too, shines brighter on the Sabbath day!

The streamlet with a clearer ripple flows ;
  The very flowers a richer perfume yield :—
Even the cawing of the stately crows,
  That undisturb'd strut o'er the new-plough'd field,
Seems musical to me ; while in the grove,
With a more dreamy sound, the rustling branches move !

All toil is o'er :—I miss the blacksmith's stroke—
  The anvil's ring—the carter's noisy song—
The forge's roar, and e'en its wreath of smoke,
  Now curls no more yon fir-tree boughs among—
The noisy mill, too, for a time doth cease ;
And all things tell alone of rest and holy peace !

But now the bells are silent ! and appear
  (Within that sacred building, old and gray)
The honest rustics, who are met to hear
  The Word of God, and keep His holy day!
'Tis sweet to see the group assembled there—
The youth, and timid maid, and those with silver hair!

Through the stain'd windows the glad sunshine streams
  Upon the Gothic pillars, worn and old,
And on each fretted arch, until it seems
  That they are built of precious stones and gold ;
And casting on the floor, in colors faint,
The shadowy outline of some rudely pictured saint ;

Though few they are and simple, there that raise
  Their voice to heaven responding to the prayer—
Nor pealing organ mingles with their praise—
  Yet think not thou that God the less is there
For He hath said, "Wherever two or three
Are gather'd in my name, there in the midst I'll be!"

Oh! there is something in a Sabbath morn ;
  As if a charm to this sweet time were given,
To wean the mind from all that's earthly born,
  And lift the heart adoringly to heaven,
Making the spirit strive to break the chain
That binds it to this life of chequer'd joy and pain.

PROLONGING LIFE.

As far back as the Egyptian, Greek, and Roman periods, we find the idea of prolonging life prevalent. The Egyptians bestowed considerable attention to the attainment of longevity, and they believed that life could be prolonged through the efficacy of sudorifics and emetics continually used.

Instead of saying "How do you do?" as an ordinary salutation, they inquired of each other, "How do you perspire?" In those days it was the general custom to take at least two emetics during each month. Hippocrates and his disciples recommended moderation in diet, friction, and well-timed exercise, which was certainly a step in the right direction.

Ficinus, in his "Treatise on the Prolongation of Life," recommended all prudent persons to consult an astrologer every seven years, thereby to avert any danger which might threaten them.

During the year 1740 an individual named Pansa dedicated to the Council of Leipsic a book entitled, "The Prolongation of Life," in which he most strongly urges all persons desirous of longevity to be on their guard every seven years, because Saturn, a hostile planet, ruled at these periods.

According to the teachings of astrology, metals were believed to be in intimate connection with the planets. Thus, no doubt, it was that amulets and talismans originated, as reputed agents for prolonging life. The disciples of this creed had amulets and talismans cast of the proper metal, and under the influence of certain constellations, in order to protect themselves from the evil influence of adverse planets.

These absurd conceits were at a later day revived by Cagliostro. It would, indeed, appear that the more mysterious and ridiculous the conception of fanatics and impostors were, the greater was their success.

The example of the renowned Cornaro affords a brilliant instance of the superiority of an abstemious life to the foolish doctrines put forth in that period. Up to forty years of age he was excessively intemperate both in eating and drinking, so that his health suffered considerably.

He then resolved to submit himself to a strictly temperate regimen, and for the remaining sixty years of his life, which almost reached one hundred years, he continued the observance of his rules, with the result given.

Although life might be prolonged by exercising greater moderation in eating and drinking than is generally adopted, yet, nevertheless, few persons could safely follow so strict a dietary.

Shortly after the death of Louis XIII., of France, who was bled forty-seven times during the last ten months of existence, a contrary method came into fashion. Transfusion was for a time relied upon as a means for invigorating and prolonging life. The operation was performed by the aid of a small pipe conveying blood from the artery of one person to another.

Francis Bacon held somewhat unique ideas regarding the possible prolongation of existence. He regarded life as a flame being continually consumed by the surrounding atmosphere, and he thence concluded that by retarding vital waste and renewing the bodily powers from time to time, life might be lengthened.

With the object of preventing undue external vital waste, he advised cold bathing followed by friction. Tranquility of mind, cooling food, with the use of opiates, he advocated as the most suitable measures for lessening internal consumption.

Furthermore, he proposed to renovate life periodically—first, by a spare diet combined with cathartics ; subsequently, through choice of a refreshing and succulent diet. With some degree of modification, there seems to be much wisdom in his views, excepting as regards the use of opiates, which are decidedly of a prejudicial nature.

The plan of "hardening"—based upon a false supposition that by toughening the physical organs they would wear longer—obtained at one time numerous followers.

When we reflect that the main principle of life depends upon the pliability of every organ, combined with free circulation, it naturally follows that rigidity must be unfriendly to longevity.

Perpetual cold baths, exposure to keen air, and exhausting exercise, were advocated by the "hardening school." Like most enthusiasts, they carried their ideas to excess, a limited use of which would have been beneficial.

Later on, a theory well suited to the idle and luxurious gained many adherents—namely, to retard bodily waste by a trance-like sleep.

One enthusiast, Maupertuis, went so far as to propound the possibility of completely suspending vital activity. The misconception of this theory, from a physiological point of view, is at once self-evident, as want of exercise is simply poisonous to health.

Grains of Gold.

The worst men often give the best advice.

A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain.

He that gives to be seen, will relieve none in the dark.

He that flings dirt at another dirties himself the most.

A man that breaks his word, bids others be false to him.

Right judgment is the kernel of the whole great nut of life.

He that payeth beforehand, shall have his work ill done.

He that falls in the dirt, the longer he lies, the dirtier he is.

Advice is seldom welcome. Those who need it most, like it least.

If you are determined to live and die a slave to custom, see that it is at least a good one.

If a man knew as much about himself as he does about his neighbors, he would not speak to himself.

Politeness is the religion of the heart, as piety is that of the soul. It is good nature in action.

Do not lose courage by considering your own imperfections, but instantly set about remedying them.

To the Poet, the Philosopher, and the Saint, all events are profitable, all days are holy, all men divine.

Life is not so exclusively charged with sweetness that one needs to be continually throwing in acids or bitters.

If we could only make the world think as much of us as we think of ourselves, we should then be properly appreciated.

A right mind and a generous affection have more beauty and charms than all the other symmetries in the world besides.

Falsehood is in a hurry ; it may be at any moment detected and punished. Truth is calm, serene—its judgment is on high.

This is the law of benefits between men : The one ought to forget at once what he has given, and the other ought never to forget what he has received.

Patience strengthens the spirit, sweetens temper, stifles anger, extinguishes envy, subdues pride, bridles the tongue, refrains the hand, and tramples upon temptations.

Femininities.

A good name is better than a good face.

If nobody loves you, be sure it is your own fault.

In Germany women do most of the menial out-of-door work.

Let no man value at a little price a virtuous woman's counsel.

"Lady Medicals" is the term used by an English paper speaking of women doctors.

The common foible of women who have been handsome, is to forget that they are no longer so.

One of the State papers speaks of an elopement in the town in which it is published as a "humorous episode."

Switzerland is the only country in Continental Europe where peasant women are not compelled to do all the hard work.

An Oregon Chinaman, named Ah Chung, fell in love with a German nursemaid, and on being rejected became a raving maniac.

Nobody uses solid silver nowadays, and it is all said to be in the safe deposit company. If it is not there, it is at the silversmith's.

It is said to be the correct thing to hang family portraits in the parlor, once more, instead of up in the attic, with the faces to the wall.

Many a man is shaken by a woman's look, or led by a baby's clasp upon his finger, who could break away from the chain with which a great giant would bind him.

A Jersey girl made a bet that she would vote on election day. She disguised herself in a suit of her brother's clothes and marched up to the polls like a little man.

A window without a woman in it is exceptional in Rio Janeiro, and a sociological consideration of the City of the Royal Palm without a woman in it is impossible.

The young lady who lives in the vicinity of the Square, and sings "Nobody Loves Me," every evening after dinner in the boarding-house parlor, has no one to blame but herself.

A London physician has ascertained that there are six deaths among one thousand married men, ten among the same number of bachelors, and twenty-nine in the same number of widowers.

Don't marry a man to mend him and reform him. Such attempts are generally as vain and powerless as attempts to turn back the flowing tide with a wisp of straw, or entreat a hurricane with a tin whistle.

One of the latest dresses in London is a novelty in the shape of a suede leather skirt with polonaise of navy blue serge. The waistcoat is leather, like the petticoat, which can be readily sponged free of mud or dust.

"What is more awful to contemplate," said a lecturer, glaring about him, "than the relentless power of the maelstrom?" And a henpecked-looking man in the back of the building softly replied: "The female storm."

Violin playing is the latest craze among young ladies whose parents are wealthy. "Yes, indeed," says Mrs. Parvenu, "my daughter Jennie is making great advance on her fiddle, and her professor says she will soon play like Olly Bull."

An old lady, whose grandson was about to proceed to the Black Sea, among other parting admonitions, gave him strict injunctions not to bathe in that sea, for she did not want him to come back a negro.

A Paris novelty is a magnifying fan. The sticks are bored, and the holes are filled with small lenses of the purest crystal. The wearer covers her face with her fan, and uses the sticks as opera-glasses.

Young girls, young wives, young mothers, you hold the sceptre; in your souls, much more than in the law of legislators, now repose the futurity of the world, and likewise the destiny of the human race.

A fair maiden of Keokuk, Iowa, having been jilted by the head waiter of a hotel, went to shoot him, whereupon, in the most ungallant manner possible, he skilfully slid a plate at her head and knocked her down. She says that he is a gay dish-heaver.

A woman's natural quickness of perception may often be of the greatest possible use in matters which seem above her ken; but if she tries to advance too far, she will certainly fall. Dwarfs on giants' shoulders see farther than giants; but we all know the fate of the dwarf who fought by the giant's side.

A Vermont school teacher was approached by a man who had an inspiration to kill her. She became possessed of an inspiration also, and after she had backed it with a club for several moments, her assailant became convinced that probably his inspiration, after all, had only been alcoholic.

It is announced that it is now considered the current thing to carry suspended on chatelaine a little mirror and miniature powder box, and that not to apply the puff to your face at least once during an evening in theatre or ball-room argues that you are enamoried. We have not noticed that the custom prevails in this city. Can it be that our belles are made up beyond the reach of powder?

Love is the foundation of all obedience. Without it morality descends into mere casuistry. Love is the foundation of all knowledge. Without it religion degenerates into a chattering about Moses and doctrines, and theories ; a thing that will neither kill nor make alive, that never gave life to a single soul or blessing to a single heart, and never put strength into any hand in the conflict and strife of daily life.

A leading woman of fashion is represented as saying that she has taken a census of one summer resort, and can count sixty girls who will never marry. The reason assigned is that they are brought up to spend money, and must marry it or remain single. But the men of their own set will not marry except for some great advantage, and they know to a dot that the sixty girls will not only be poor themselves, but will have poor sisters.

News Notes.

Wooden buttons are preferred by English tailors.

American canned frogs are now sent to France.

Wood is selling for nine dollars a cord at Key West.

London has a society to promote window-gardening.

Rochester is said to have a couple of men dressmakers.

There are a thousand flies in India to one in this country.

William Shakspeare is editing a Minnesota newspaper.

A new village in Kentucky has been named Cleveland.

About the only place a Brazilian does not smoke is in his coffin.

Church bells are going out of use in every American city.

California ostrich eggs are selling at $120 a dozen in San Francisco.

About 600 German newspapers are published in the United States.

Over 2,000 cigars a day are smoked by students at Yale, it is stated.

Twenty millions of people in Austro-Hungary never read a newspaper.

Left-handed penmanship is now taught in a number of American schools.

Among the last victims of cholera at Naples was a woman 108 years old.

The University of Mississippi is free to all the world, and to both sexes.

The total membership of the African Methodist Episcopal Church is 400,000.

A silver dollar of 1804, according to a catalogue recently issued, is worth $900.

During the past five years the pension payments have amounted to $280,000,000.

Morning concerts are all the rage in London. They begin at 10.30, and are over by noon.

The railroads of this country alone, it is said, are worth four times the amount of the national debt.

Professor Tyndall, one of the most noted of scientists, does not know the year in which he was born.

A statistician has found that the average age of man in the past forty years has advanced three years.

A pyramid made of 20,000 plates of fruit will be one of the features of the New Orleans Exhibition.

An underground stream flows beneath the city of Birmingham, Ala. It is to be used for a sewer.

The Hartford plumbers have many calls every day to houses where the water pipes are clogged by soda.

Santa Anna, Cal., is to have a brass band, and the instruments are to be the property of the town.

Stanley, the explorer, says that on several occasions he bought his life of wild tribes for a pound of powder.

Whalley, ex-member of the British Parliament, has been sentenced to nine months' in jail for stealing.

Out of about 600 cases of sunstroke noted in New York the past summer, at least 200 turned out to be drunks.

The electric light is said to have been found cheaper than candles for the illumination of British ships.

The 50,000 tons of soot taken from London chimneys every year, are sold for $220,000, and used as a fertilizer.

The postoffice safe at Cleburne, Tex., was robbed by a thief while the postmaster was looking at a circus procession.

This year, for the first time, the Zulus have had the entire Bible translated for them into their own language.

The kernel of the peach stone is the bitter almond of commerce. Confectioners give twenty cents a pound for them.

Dahlias, which are of Mexican origin, were first introduced into Germany by Dahl, and were so named after him.

A prominent citizen of Whitfield county, Ga., has had his grave dug and cemented, and inclosed with an iron railing.

The Prince of Wales has a superstition that his mother will outlive him, and that he will never be King of England.

Englishmen eat at much shorter intervals than Americans are accustomed to. The farm laborer eats four meals a day.

English noblemen now have the sails of their yachts embroidered in the style in favor among the Egyptians hundreds of years ago.

A new remedy for stiffened shoulders is the boring by the patient of twenty holes two and a half inches deep, in a soft plank daily.

In San Luis, Cal., recently, two pumpkins were on exhibition, one measuring 6 1-2 feet in circumference, and the other 6 feet 8 inches.

The poor authorities of Paris ask for $8,000,000 for the coming year. They say they will be compelled to give assistance to 400,000 people.

On a single ranch in Queensland, Australia, 25,000 sheep perished in the recent drought. On a New South Wales ranch 44,000 perished.

To make shoe-pegs enough for American use consumes annually 100,000 cords of timber; and to make lucifer matches, 200,000 cubic feet of the best pine are required every year.

Faithful and True.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

IT was the first anniversary of my husband's death, and at Stella's request, I had lain aside my window's weeds, and donned a robe of soft violet silk, while Stella fastened a cluster of white roses in the lace at my throat, and among the braids of my jet black hair.

"You look like a queen, my beautiful mamma!" the girl said, when her task was completed, and she stood back to survey the effect.

Stella was my step-daughter, my pet and darling—a star indeed, the only star that had brightened the otherwise dreary path of my lonely life.

I had been a true and faithful wife to my departed husband, but he had known, when I consented to become his wife, that my heart was buried under the ocean waves with my sailor lover.

It was not an unhappy marriage, for my elderly husband was passionately fond of me, and I respected and honored him above all men on earth, and worshipped his sweet young daughter, my beautiful Stella.

She was very lively, this child of my heart, with her blue, cloudless eyes, her fair girlish face, and shining aureole of curling golden hair.

Our home was a rambling old mansion, about a hundred miles distant from town, from whence Stella had just returned, from a month's visit to a schoolmate—the daughter of one of the merchant princes of the gay metropolis.

Stella had brought a party of friends home with her, and had taken upon herself to superintend the arrangement of my toilet for their especial benefit.

While she was engaged in her loving task I studied her face intently.

There was something new and strange in its expression that puzzled me.

It was as if the child had returnrd to me a woman.

The beautiful young face seemed to have gained something that it lacked before.

A new soul seemed to look out at me from the violet depths of my darling's eyes.

A sudden suspicion came to me, and, drawing Stella down to a low seat by my side, I passed one arm round her shoulders and clasping one of her slim, white hands, upon the forefinger of which I caught the glitter of a diamond—a ring she had never worn before—I asked reproachfully—

"Stella, are you keeping a secret from me?"

It needed no word from Stella's lips to tell me that my suspicion was not without foundation.

Her face crimsoned, her blue eyes shone like stars, and her sweet lips parted in a smile of almost unearthly sweetness.

"Mamma, darling, I meant to tell you to-night, before we joined our guests. I am glad you have shown me how to begin."

Then with her face hidden on my breast and her arms around my neck, she told me of her love for the handsome brother of her schoolmate, Elsie Rhodes.

"Mamma, you will love him yourself, I know," said my child, "he is so noble, so good, and so very handsome; and—listen, mamma—he is the soul of honor. He has told me all about his past life, and it is like a romance. He once loved a beautiful young girl, and asked her to be his wife. You see I am not jealous, mamma, because I know he now loves me with all his heart, and the past can never be recalled.

"Well, he was poor then, and the young lady's guardian would not consent to their marriage. The poor fellow parted from the young lady in sorrow, and went away to sea. Shortly afterwards he inherited a fortune, and became captain of an ocean steamer, but on the first voyage his vessel was wrecked, and all the passengers and crew reported lost.

"It chanced, however, that the captain and several of the passengers were rescued by an Indian merchantman, and just two months ago, he (the captain) returned to his home. He might have returned a year ago, but the news had reached him that his promised wife was wedded to another, and for a time he could not endure the thought of revisiting the old scenes of his youth—scenes embittered by the memory of his disappointment.

"Now, mamma, you know all: only how dearly I love him, that you can never know. Why, dear mamma, I cannot imagine how I managed to find any pleasure in life before I met him and heard him tell me that I was dear to him. I want you to love him for my sake, mamma, and I have tried to make you look even more beautiful than usual to-night, so that he may love you, even as dearly as your Stella loves you."

The child had never lifted her face to my gaze while speaking, and now she continued while her arms clasped themselves closer around my neck—

"He will be astonished, mamma, when you appear like a vision of beauty before him, because he has no idea that his step-mother—how I hate that prefix—is only five years my senior. He pictures you as a stately matron of forty, I know. But come, dear mamma, I shall not rest until I have presented you to Captain Elmer Rhodes."

Elmer Rhodes!

At the sound of the name, so tenderly uttered by my step-daughter, my brain reeled and a death-like faintness crept over me.

When I recovered my senses, Stella was bathing my temples while she knelt beside me in an agony of grief and anxiety.

I soon quieted her fears, declaring that the heat and the heavy perfume of the flowers had overcome me, begging her to go to our guests in the rooms below, where I promised to join her in less than half-an-hour.

She left me reluctantly, and I locked myself in my chamber, there to give way to the tempest of grief that raged in my heart.

Elmer Rhodes, the one love of my life, whom I had mourned as dead was to be my step-daughter's husband.

"Oh Heaven! it was hard, it was cruel, it was more than I could endure, I thought at first, but while I lay, face downward on my couch, wrestling with my agony, there came to me like an echo of a distant voice, my husband's dying words—

"Marion, my darling, I die happy, knowing that you will always love my child, and guard her—from sorrow—if it need be—with your own life—may Heaven bless you—and reward——my beloved wife——"

With that last tender blessing on my name, his spirit had winged its flight; and now the memory of that death-bed scene stilled the storm of grief in my rebellious heart.

"Yes, my husband, I will be true to the trust you reposed in me, though she has taken from me that which was dearer than my life," I said to myself, as I descended the stairs to the brilliantly lighted rooms.

Even before I had entered the room, Elmer Rhodes' well-remembered voice fell upon my ears, and feeling that I was not yet strong enough to meet him face to face, I made my way to the conservatory, at the back of the house.

How long I had been here I can never tell, but I was aroused at last by Elmer's voice, crying out in astonishment and dismay—

"Marion! My God! Am I dreaming?"

Before I could speak he had caught both my hands in his own, but I quickly released them.

"Hush!" I whispered, while my breath came quick and fast; "you must not call me by that name. I am Mrs. St. John; you are my step-daughter's promised husband. As you value my daughter's future happiness, never tell her the secret of our past."

Stella joined us at this moment, and I mingled with our guests, assuming a gaiety that found no echo in my suffering heart.

For the next week I avoided him; but one day he met me alone on the banks of the river, and, forgetting Stella, poured into my ears the story of his love for me, begging me to save the child from the misery of a marriage with a man who could never give her his heart.

I freed myself from the close clasp of his arms, although I loved him with every pulse of my passionate heart, my husband's parting words again recurred to me, and I sent him from me—my sailor-lover, my darling. Ah, well!

What need to linger over the weeks that followed?

They were married, Stella and Elmer, and the tears I shed while the words were spoken that made them man and wife, were attributed to grief at the thought of parting with Stella, who was to go with her husband to Germany.

Shall I ever forget how he clung to me when the moment came for that parting?

Her last words still ring in my ears, though many years have passed since that terrible day.

"Oh, mamma! my darling! my darling! whatever happens in the future, remember that you have always made your little girl happy, and if God calls me first to meet papa in heaven, he shall know that you were faithful and true to the trust he reposed in you."

Then they took her from me, my golden-haired darling, the star of my desolate life; and for many days I lay in a darkened room, raving in delirium, and stretching out my empty arms to clasp the fairy form that was gone out of my life for ever.

My hand trembles, my eyes grow dim; I cannot speak at any length of the days that followed my recovery.

Two years passed away, and then came a day never to be forgotten.

A cruel message came to me from over the sea.

Stella Rhodes was dead.

She had died with her husband's arms around her, whispering at the last—

"Take my baby—to mamma—call it—Stella—she will love it—for my sake."

For her sake! Oh, my beloved child! My angel Stella!

My tears are falling fast on the golden curls of the baby-girl playing at my knee, and my husband takes the pen from my hand, and clasps the child in a close embrace, as he whispers—

"Do not weep for our angel Stella, my precious Marion. She is happy in Heaven to-night, knowing all—all your sacrifice, all your love for her, and your noble conduct to her child."

"Don't c'y, mamma; 'Tella be dood dirl for dear mamma," echoes the child at my knee.

And with my face bowed over my baby's bright head, I pray Heaven to make me worthy of the happiness that has come to me—at last.

MR. WOLOHIN, of Albany, Fla., set a hen on hen's eggs. Mr. Wolohin lifted her up the other day and found her keeping warm three young kittens, a powder gourd, and a door-knob, and he's putting in his time now wondering how it occurred, instead of laying for the neighbor's boy.

THE great superiority of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup to all other cough remedies is attested by the immense popular demand for that old established remedy. Price 25 cents a bottle.

IN LIFE AND DEATH.

He'd rail and scold, and mock his wife upbraid,
With slightest cause in passion hot he flew;
His railings made his better half afraid,
And oft she threatened to bid him adieu.

He would not stop, but still would rave and rail,
And grumbling growl at morning, noon and night;
As age grew on him 'twas the same old tale—
In railing loud he took a firm delight.

In time, took down, at length in bed he lay,
While strength held out he'd rail and rave:
But when 'neath the green sod laid away,
His thoughtful wife put rail-ing round his grave.

—WM. MACKINTOSH.

Humorous.

What is most like a cat's tail? A kitten's tail.

What four letters would frighten a thief? OICU.

A man isn't necessarily related to a hen because he lays bricks.

The first river you come to in Scotland they tell you is the Forth.

Why are persons born blind not fit to be carpenters? Because they never saw.

Why is a fellow without whiskers or mustachios like an impudent man? Because he is barefaced.

Why is an old lady's cap the most economical article of human clothing? Because she never wears it out.

How do we know that time is money? Because we generally find it easy to spend an evening in good company.

"Yes," he said, gazing in the glass, "I suppose whisky will down me in the long run, but I'll get the first few falls;" and he downed it.

"Your horse has a tremendous long bit," said a friend to Theodore Hook. "Yes," said he, "it is a bit too long."

A physician says: "If a child does not thrive on fresh milk, boil it." He doesn't state how long the child should be boiled.

Little Bessie, suddenly aware that the clock had stopped, said: "Mamma, that clock don't run!" "What makes you think so?" "'Cause I can't hear it big enough."

Fur and Sealskin Garments.

C. C. Shayne, the well-known Fur Manufacturer, 103 Prince St., New York, will sell elegant Fur Garments at retail at cash wholesale prices this season. This will afford a splendid opportunity to purchase strictly reliable Furs direct from manufacturer, and save retailer's profits. Fashion Book mailed Free.

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☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by saying the Saturday Evening Post.

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The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

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Colds,
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CURES THE WORST PAINS
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After reading this advertisement need any one
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It was the first,
AND IS THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY
That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the lungs, stomach, bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.
If seized with threatened
PNEUMONIA,
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A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure cramps, spasms, sour stomach, heartburn, nervousness, sleeplessness, sick headache, diarrhœa, dysentery, colic, flatulency and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pain from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

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CURED IN ITS WORST FORMS.
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FEVER and AGUE cured for 50 cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by Radway's Pills) so quick as Radway's Ready Relief. Fifty cts. per bottle.

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For the Cure of all CHRONIC DISEASES.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Venereal Diseases, (see our Book on Venereal—price, 25 cts.), Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swellings, Tumors, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions of the Face, Ulcers, Hip Diseases, Gout, Dropsy, Rickets, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption, Diabetes, Kidney, Bladder, Liver Complaints, etc.

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Humors and Sores

Of all kinds, particularly Chronic Diseases of the Skin, are cured with great certainty by a course of RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN. We mean obstinate cases that have resisted all other treatment.

SCROFULA,

Whether transmitted from parents or acquired, is within the curative range of the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Cures have been made where persons have been afflicted with Scrofula from their youth up to 20, 30 and 40 years of age, by

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body. QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE AND PERMANENT in its treatment and cure. Sold by druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

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Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.
Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by all druggists.

DYSPEPSIA.

Hundreds of maladies spring from this complaint. The symptoms of this disease are the symptoms of a broken down stomach, indigestion, Flatulence, Heartburn, Acid Stomach, Pain after Eating,—giving rise sometimes to the most excruciating colic,—Pyrosis, or Water Brash, etc., etc., etc.

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Aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, is a cure for this complaint. It restores strength to the stomach, and makes it perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases. Take the medicines according to directions, and observe what we say in "False and True" respecting diet.

Read "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No 32 Warren Street, New York.
☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

ANTIPATHIES IN ANIMALS.

MY late father-in-law, a physician in extensive practice, once possessed a horse named Jack, which was celebrated for his many peculiarities and his great sagacity.

One of his antipathies was a decided hatred to one particular melody, the well-known Irish air, "Drops of Brandy."

If any one began to whistle or hum this air, Jack would instantly show fight by laying his ears back, grinding his teeth, biting and kicking, but always recovering his good temper when the music ceased.

Jack had another and very peculiar antipathy—he never would permit anything bulky to be carried by his rider. This came out for the first time one day when the doctor was going on a visit, and, having to sleep at his friend's, intended to take a small hand-bag with him.

On the groom handing this up to the doctor, after he was mounted, Jack—who had been an attentive observer of the whole proceeding by craning his neck round—at once exhibited his strong displeasure by rearing, kicking, buck-jumping, and jibing—so utterly unlike his usual steady-going ways, that the doctor at once divined the cause, and threw the bag down, when Jack became perfectly quiet and docile; but instantly, however, re-enacting the same scene, when the groom once more offered the bag to the doctor.

The experiment was repeated several times, and always with the same singular result; and at length the attempt was given up, when Jack trotted off on his journey, in the best of temper.

Why he should have exhibited this dislike to carrying a small hand-bag, which was neither large nor heavy, it is impossible to guess.

On another occasion the groom, wishing to bring home with him a small sack containing some household requisite, thought to lay it across the front of his saddle; but Jack objected.

Instantly rearing, and then kicking violently, he threw the groom off on one side and the objectionable burden on the other. After this no further attempts were made to ruffle the customary serenity of Jack's rather peculiar temper.

The same gentleman also possessed a beautiful bay mare called Jenny, remarkable for sweet temper and pretty, loving ways.

She was a great favorite with the doctor's daughters, and would "shake hands" when asked, and kiss them in the most engaging manner, with a sort of nibbling motion of lips up and down the face.

She would follow any one she liked about the fields, answer to her name like a dog, and would always salute any one of her favorites on seeing them with that pretty, low "humming" sound so common with pet horses, but never heard from those subject to ill-treatment.

But, with all these graces, the pretty and interesting Jenny had several peculiar antipathies, in one of which she, too, somewhat resembled a dog. Wag, and that was a marked dislike to the singing voice of one particular person, a lady, a relative of the doctor's.

This lady often went to the stable to feed Jenny with lettuces or apples, and they were always the best of friends; but so sure as she began to sing anything, Jenny instantly forgot her good manners, lost all propriety, and exhibited the usual signs of strong equine displeasure, although she never took the smallest notice of the singing or whistling of any other person, treating it with indifference.

One day, as the doctor was driving this lady out, he suggested, by way of experiment, that she should begin to sing.

In a moment Jenny's ears were down flat, and a kick was delivered with hearty good will on to the front of the carriage; and more would doubtless have followed had not the lady prudently stopped short in her vocal efforts, when Jenny resumed her good behavior.

Another and very remarkable peculiarity of Jenny's was her unaccountable antipathy to the doctor's wife.

If that lady approached her, she would grind her teeth savagely, and try to bite her in the most spiteful manner. What is perhaps even more singular, she would never, if possible, let the lady get into the carriage, if she knew it.

Jenny would turn her head, and keep a lookout behind her in the drollest manner possible; and the moment she caught sight of the lady approaching the carriage for the purpose of getting in, Jenny would immediately commence her troublesome tantrums of biting and kicking.

So strongly did she object to drawing her mistress, that more than once she damaged the carriage with her powerful heels, so that the doctor was obliged to request his wife to approach the carriage from behind, whilst a groom held Jenny's head, to prevent her looking round. B.

In recruiting his forces, the Governor at Ut San Shan, China, only accepted those that could jump across a six-foot wide trench he had dug for the purpose of making the test.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after suffering a number of years from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, after trying every known remedy without success, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. Lawrence, 199 Dean Street, Brooklyn, New York, will receive the receipt free of charge.

Facetiæ.

When is a sailor not a sailor? When he is a-board.

When is a soldier not a soldier? When he is mustered.

What letter is that which is always repeated in America? The letter A.

When a man's chestnut curls begin to gray, it means that he is fifty years old; but when they begin to turn black, that means he is sixty.

There are two ways of stopping the pains of toothache—having the tooth pulled out, or committing suicide. Either one will accomplish the purpose.

We hear of an amateur singer, who frightened a pair of canary birds to death. It must have been a clear case of killing two birds with one's song.

Supposing a druggist was to mislay his watch-key, why would that key become like unto himself? Well, because it would be a key imposed. See the point?

When a Chinese couple separate—for they don't need divorce there—the children, says an exchange, are "amicably divided." In the case of a single child this must be rather a disagreeable process.

Jones asked his wife: "Why is a husband like dough?" He expected she would give it up, and he was going to tell her that it was because a woman needs him; but she said she supposed it was because he was hard to get off her hands.

A Safeguard.

The fatal rapidity with which slight **Colds** and **Coughs** frequently develop into the gravest maladies of the throat and lungs, is a consideration which should impel every prudent person to keep at hand, as a household remedy, a bottle of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

Nothing else gives such immediate relief and works so sure a cure in all affections of this class. That eminent physician, Prof. F. Sweetzer, of the Maine Medical School, Brunswick, Me., says:—

"Medical science has produced no other anodyne expectorant so good as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. It is invaluable for diseases of the throat and lungs."

The same opinion is expressed by the well-known Dr. L. J. Addison, of Chicago, Ill., who says:—

"I have never found, in thirty-five years of continuous study and practice of medicine, any preparation of so great value as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, for treatment of diseases of the throat and lungs. It not only breaks up colds more promptly than anything else in relieving even the most serious **bronchial** and **pulmonary** affections."

AYER'S

Cherry Pectoral

Is not a new claimant for popular confidence, but a medicine which is to-day saving the lives of the third generation who have come into being since it was first offered to the public.

There is not a household in which this invaluable remedy has once been introduced where its use has ever been abandoned, and there is not a person who has ever given it a proper trial for any throat or lung disease susceptible of cure, who has not been made well by it.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has, in numberless instances, cured obstinate cases of chronic **Bronchitis, Laryngitis**, and even acute **Pneumonia**, and has saved many patients in the earlier stages of **Pulmonary Consumption**. It is a medicine that only requires to be taken in small doses, is pleasant to the taste, and is needed in every house where there are children, as there is nothing so good as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL for treatment of **Croup** and **Whooping Cough**.

These are all plain facts, which can be verified by anybody, and should be remembered by everybody.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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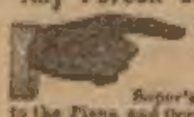

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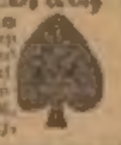

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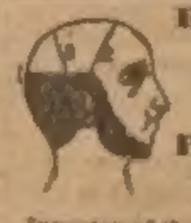

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No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
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No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
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He has always ready, for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THE past week has been the most trying one for merchants, as well as fashionable ladies' that has been experienced for the space of eight years.

Ladies could scarcely get the attention of clerks, so all-pervading was the one gigantic question of the day—politics.

Politics everywhere! In little knots, collected in corners, even in the presence of magnificent robes and the latest caprice in Parisian chapeaus.

Ladies became excited and combatted each other, imbued with a spirit of their husbands', fathers', and brothers' patriotism.

It requires a very powerful influence to thus take the attention of ladies of the beau monde from finery and furbelows.

But cool weather is here, for a time, at least, and with it a demand for furs and thick garments. Next week fashionables will make up for lost time, and the popular stores will be crowded with eager purchasers.

At the leading stores one is ushered into warmth and light and glowing tints of velvets and satins and comfortable-looking garments trimmed with fur.

The figures in the ladies' reception parlors, are arrayed in their Winter habiliments, and in looks have the spirit and dash of sprightly belles in their lifeless forms, while fat matrons and lean spinsters, with robes appropriate for each of their styles, are displayed beside the gay and dashing ones of youth.

In these speechless forms the young and old and middle-aged can see themselves as others see them.

The dolman-sleeved cloak finds favor with elderly ladies, while young ladies and misses prefer a paletot coat or the persistent and becoming Newmarket, with close sleeves and full plaited back, trimmed with fur.

At others dress goods of all designs and materials await the inspection of customers. There are almost as many designs, colors and fabrics as there are people to be suited. Those who have not paid attention to the subject would be astonished on investigation to see how great a variety could be shown in materials and shadings, to say nothing of patterns and surface ornamentations.

Many ladies, for economy's sake, doubtless, choose the new style of velveteens (in colors, not in black) for dress-skirts and basques.

They argue that as the trimmings and fringings cover up the foundation, it is not necessary to have that portion of their suits of the finest and most expensive materials. But those who dress regardless of expense find a different verdict.

Such protest that fully trimmed dresses for street and carriage purposes are going out of date rapidly, and that plain skirts of rich cloth or velvet are indispensable.

Others, again, take a middle ground of argument, and say that too much or too little ornamentation are alike in bad taste. Many of the fashionable dressmakers advocate the use of the velveteen for underskirts where brocade or silk are employed for drapery and trimmings.

The surface of this fabric is finished so skilfully that it is not easily detected from genuine silk velvet.

Many claim that it will wear better than an inexpensive grade of silk velvet.

It seems to be something like Colonel Sellers's appearance of heat when he placed the lamp in the stove for show.

All that is required is a little imagination to turn this clever imitation into the genuine article.

This material and the bison cloth so far seem to be neck and neck in the race for the ascendancy, although those who prefer real elegance and richness to show choose the bison cloth for promenade and carriage costumes.

As for warmth, there is scarcely any difference in the too much contested fabrics. Both come in every imaginable shade, and have all manner of designs in the surface ornamentation.

The velveteen is embossed, while the bison cloth is embroidered by sewing-machine power. Striped and plaid goods in all wool and silk, and wool textures for girls and misses are extensively employed for overdresses and drapery.

Outside garments, made in the ulster form, with a belt at the back and falling loose at the front are also composed of this material to match the suit.

Another house has a fine display of millinery and winter cloaks, to be disposed of at a great reduction, to make space for their immense stock of holiday wares.

In the parlors, where trimmed hats and bonnets are displayed, an attractive and extensive variety is placed before the customers.

The shapes vary according to the different notions of those who wear them, but in the matter of size there are two extremes, the large and the small, and the average is about six of one and half a dozen of the other, so far as popularity is concerned.

The extremely youthful maiden seems, however, to favor the poke in its most exaggerated form, and having a crown too formidable for a person of diminutive stature to attempt to look over when once poised upon the head of fair womankind.

But still these wonderful inventions are strongly becoming to most types of womanhood, although ridiculed not only by those who wear them but by gentlemen, even, who are not supposed to know a poke from a diminutive, harmless bonnet that only covers about three inches' space upon the top of the head.

No delusion could be greater than to suppose that because a hat or bonnet looks clumsy and out of proportion in the hand, it must necessarily be so upon the head.

Every one knows the homely adage that "It is a poor leg which cannot shape its own stocking." This may also apply to the head and face, to a certain extent, in regard to bonnets.

It is a pretty hard matter to make an ugly woman look handsome, no matter what the shape, style, rise, or color she chooses in her chapeau.

On the other hand, it is not easy to disguise a beautiful and attractive face, except by a mask, which hides all or a portion of its beauty and symmetry.

And although these large and lofty crowned bonnets have been held up to ridicule, and facetiously been called "storm signals" by the opposite sex—that is, the sex who wear tiles and Derbys, and do the voting—they are, notwithstanding, so becoming that many a miss has been besought to become mistress, because she looked so charming and attractive in her new poke bonnet.

These are unimpeachable facts, and so do not need confirming by citing cases as proof.

The hand-embroidered evening bonnet is certainly nothing, if not beautiful. There are quite as many large evening bonnets as small ones.

One attractive style was a high-crowned poke composed of cream velvet crown, and a front of ecru embroidered crepe de chine shirred into easy puffs and adorned with humming birds and marabeau pompons.

The embroidery and garniture were in brilliant tints, relieving the dead colors of the cream and ecru.

A pale blue faille silk crown, with a brim of puffed velvet in same shade was wrought with gold tinsel butter-cups and Fall asters, and garnished with a feather ornament made from the plumage of a South American golden pheasant breast.

The ornament was in shape of a trio of large butterflies, and were put on so as to hover over blue trumpet flowers.

The strings were of gold embroidered blue lace net, and fastened in a massive bow under the left ear.

A handsome and dashing promenade hat with a crown of steel bead embroidered cloth in a deep garnet shade, had a front of pink and steel gray brocaded velvet, the ground being of the gray and the brocadings of pink; the strings were of garnet velvet, lined with pink satin, and fastened behind just below the coiffure; a large bird of gray and garnet plumage kept guard over a trio of smaller specimens of the feathered tribe.

There is no denying the fact that the once popular plumes and tips of the ostrich are laid upon the shelf for a time.

No doubt they will be revived again, perhaps even the coming Winter, but now the tide sets in strongly for all kinds of fancy made flowers and metallic ornaments, as well as birds' wings and breasts of tropical songsters.

Many young maidens now have decided in favor of "arising with the lark"—on their bonnets—and keep vigils with the owl, quoting the old saw, that "it is as well to be out of the world as out of style."

Fireside Chat.

NOVELTIES IN NEEDLEWORK.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

THE small Princess shape is the best to use, as only the flat crown needs covering with feathers. Pheasants' breast feathers arranged rather full by sewing them on to a small wadded pad, and a little brown plush is all the trimming such a bonnet would require.

I have seen gloves for evening wear very successfully trimmed with a band or gauntlet of soft, white feathers, and gloves for everyday wear that are a little short may be easily lengthened, by adding a band of pheasants' feathers of a corresponding color. Brown feathers look remarkably well on tan-colored gloves.

If anyone is fortunate enough to possess a sufficient quantity of feathers, a carriage rug may be made of them with very good effect.

It is best to sew them on as a border to a rug of thin cloth, with a pattern in the centre like a large star.

Feathers used for this purpose should be sown on as tight and flat as possible, in consideration of the somewhat hard wear they will have to undergo.

The small folding-chairs used on the beach in the summer make very useful occasional chairs if the ordinary canvas seats are replaced by embroidered plush ones. The canvas sent need not be taken off, but may be used as a lining or foundation for the quarter one, which should be fastened to the wood with fancy gilt nails, and sewn along the sides to the canvas to keep it in place.

If a plush back be added it greatly increases the comfort of the chair, and is not at all difficult to contrive.

It must be lined through with sacking to keep it firm, and fastened on with the same gilt nails. If this is considered too much trouble, the sacking itself may be ornamented with a geometric pattern in large coarse stitches.

Ticking work is very appropriate for seats and backs to these little chairs, and if the colors are judiciously chosen has quite an Eastern effect.

It may also be used for cushion covers and for antimacassars for bedroom easy-chairs.

Of the tempting articles that may be made by anyone skilled in painting, it is useless to try to speak here in detail. Suffice it to say that their name is Legion.

One good idea is a well-painted card set up on a tiny-gilded or wooden easel, which forms a pretty trifle to stand about in a drawing-room.

The easel itself may be ornamented with painting, and they are sold prepared for this purpose at a very small cost. One fancy is to paint the easel in shades of brown and deep red so as to resemble inlaid wood, this had a very good effect.

Some pretty and novel dessert d'Oyleys were made of a square of net edged with a flat frill of pleated lace.

In the centre of each was appliqued a delicate spray of small flowers cut out of sateen and lightly transferred to the net. These d'Oyleys would look still prettier if the foundation were of cream-colored satin or soft silk.

Now that a revival of the reticules of the days of our grandmothers seems to be expected, those made in rich materials would be very acceptable by-and-by as Christmas presents.

The most convenient shape is simply a square bag of velvet from 10 to 12 inches square, lined with colored silk. A running to hold a ribbon or cord and tassels to draw it together with, must be made about three inches from the top of the bag.

This is the simplest form and the easiest to make, but more elaborate ones may be made if preferred. The bottom corners may be rounded, or the bag made envelope shape with a handle at the top.

One of the prettiest is that made by taking a piece of velvet or brocade (and happy are those who have scraps of old brocade laid by) the size the bag is to be, and by cutting the lower edge into large vandykes which must be sewn together, so that the bag ends in a point finished off with a tassel.

I have seen some more useful, but not such ornamental receptacles in the shape of a Brobdignagian long purse with large rings and tassels.

These cases made of brown holland, trimmed with braid and closed with ivory rings, will prove very acceptable to travellers for holding boots and shoes, and many other steeteras.

Night-dress cases and comb bags look very well made in cretonne or sateen, with the outline of the pattern worked round in outline-stitch, or if a large design, in chain-stitch.

I saw recently some pretty and novel photograph frames made of ordinary perforated cardboard.

They are very easy to make and seen at a little distance have all the appearance of ivory.

Cut a frame of perforated card, and inch and a half wide, if it is to be of a size to hold an ordinary carte de visite, but wider for a cabinet photograph.

The corners of the frame may form a cross, like an Oxford frame, if desired. Then cut another frame, exactly like the first, but exactly a size smaller, another smaller still, and so on, till they are as small as they possibly can be, that is, of the size of the spaces between the holes in the cardboard.

It is difficult to describe the manufacture in words, but I think my meaning will be seen as the work progresses.

Gum all the frames on the top of one another until the last and smallest is arranged on the top of all, finish off the frame with cardboard at the back, and a loop and a ring to hold it up by.

If preferred, a foundation may be first made of crimson velvet rather larger than the first frame, this has a very good effect as the color throws the white cardboard into high relief

Book-markers may be made in a similar manner to these frames; a piece of good ribbon is required and a series of stars or crosses fastened at the ends, one on each side of the ribbon. The largest cross should be exactly the width of the ribbon.

Correspondence.

J. C.—Better can in parson.

HEN.—A majority vote is more than half of all the votes cast. A plurality vote is simply the largest vote.

CONSTANT.—Mason and Dixon's line is the Southern boundary of Pennsylvania. As formerly free labor obtained above and slave labor South of that line, the term Mason and Dixon's line came to be used to designate the general line of division between the North and South.

G. W. C.—A fair Grecian goddess was suckling her young son in her chamber on Olympus. The father, incensed from some trifling cause, seized the child and flung him down to earth. The rich and bounteous milk flow across the sky and was thenceforth known as the Galaxy or Milky Way.

C. W. P.—If, as you intimate, you can at once get a situation on a railway that will pay as well as your present business pays, and give you a chance for promotion and increase of wages besides, and be more agreeable to you in every way, there is no reason that we can see why you should not change your business as soon as possible.

MARTIN F.—Do not act hastily. You may be mistaken in your suspicion of this lady. No one can permanently affect your relations with your friend but yourself. Wait until you see him and have a good talk with him. Let him first seek an explanation. Girls often allow over anxiety in such matters to make them act hastily.

LISA.—Your parents can help you, if you find that you need help. Everything seems to be progressing towards a happy result. Do not be too anxious or too hasty. Let your wooer understand that you retain your independence until you are engaged to be married to some one. Do not give up other company entirely. He deserves to suffer a little for his reserve.

HARRY.—You would do well to remember an old Danish proverb, which says, "He that would leap high must take a long run." You must expect to run long before you take your spring upwards; you must be content to wait patiently for success, although you never cease striving after it. Fame and honor and riches come to the old, and but rarely to the young.

M. D.—A tontine is a system of life annuities to a number of persons with benefit of survivorship as the lives fall in, until at last a single survivor becomes entitled to the remaining fund. The term is derived from the name of the inventor, one Lorenzo Tonti, an Italian, who started the idea in the seventeenth century, when the Governments of Europe had some difficulty in raising money.

P. M. S.—That depends on circumstances. If it is early in the evening, or before the family has retired, the serenaders may be invited in, or not, as the young ladies and their parents may mutually determine. But if the family has retired, then the customary way of recognizing the serenade—if anyone happens to be awake to hear it—is by throwing up a window, so as to let the serenaders know that their music is not being wasted on the desert air.

O. A. R.—Porcelain is a fine translucent kind of earthenware. All the very fine table ware, usually called China (because the first was brought from China), and the beautiful vases made at Sevres and Dresden, are made of porcelain. It is thought by some writers to have been named from the porcellana shell, because its surface looks like the enamel of that shell. It is a word of three syllables, and is pronounced as if spelled por-se-lane, por having the sound of for.

READER.—Formerly it was of the highest importance that wills should be so worded that no other meaning than that intended should by any possibility be placed upon them. Then it was indispensable that the services of a lawyer should be retained. Now, however, a will is construed according to the evident intention of the testator, however badly he may have expressed himself, so that the simpler the wording of the document the better. Of course the will must be witnessed in due form.

CHECK.—In chess, the operation of castling can only be performed once in a game by each player, and then only when the following conditions are observed:—1. The king must not have been moved; 2 the rook with which it is proposed to castle must not have been moved; 3 there must be no piece interviewing between the king and the rook; 4 the king must not pass over a square command by a hostile piece; 5 the king must not be in check at the time of castling. Subject to these conditions, castling may be performed from either side.

NORAH L.—We fear you have deeply pained your lover by your incessant flirtations, and you cannot wonder that they tend to lessen his affection for you. It would be strange indeed if they did not! You say that you are really very fond of him, and that you have no intention whatever of breaking off your engagement, your only wish being to have a bit of fun occasionally with other gentlemen and to increase his love for you, if possible, by making him jealous of their attentions. Be careful, however, lest thereby you altogether lose a good man's love, and find when too late that you have been acting a very foolish and unfeeling part.

CHUTIE.—The custom connected with the Dunmow Flitch is said by some to have had its origin so far back as Norman, or even Anglo-Saxon times, and these suppose that it constituted a kind of tax imposed by the Crown upon the estate. Others believe that it was ordained by virtue of some benefactor's will or deed, and that on the due delivery of the Flitch the tenure of the lands held by the monks of the Priory depended. At all events, the custom can be clearly traced far back in into the Middle Ages. The Flitch was given to any married couple who could declare, upon their oath, that neither of them had ever repented of their union, either sleeping or waking, for at least the space of a year and a day. The custom was observed with much solemnity and triumph until the dissolution of monastic institutions in 1541. The applicant took the oath before the Prior of the convent and the multitudes assembled to witness the ceremony with long process and much solemn singing and chanting. Then the happy couple were placed in a chair, and carried on the shoulders of their many admirers through the streets of the town, followed by the monks and townspeople, both young and old, who indulged in much boisterous mirth and merrymaking. The Flitch itself, borne upon long poles, headed the procession. For many years the ancient custom remained in abeyance, but was revived in 1855 through the exertions of some of the townspeople, and since that year Flitch has been claimed by more than one pair of successful applicants.